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K. P. 9

PREFACE BY THE GENERAL EDITOR

THIS series of books aims, first, to give the English texts required for entrance to college in a form which shall make them clear, interesting, and helpful to those who are beginning the study of literature; and, second, to supply the knowledge which the student needs to pass the entrance examination. For these two reasons it is called *The Gateway Series*.

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6 Preface by the General Editor

The editors are chosen because of their thorough training and special fitness to deal with the books committed to them, and because they agree with this idea of what a Gateway Series ought to be. They express, in each case, their own views of the books which they edit. Simplicity, thoroughness, shortness, and clearness,—these, we hope, will be the marks of the series.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

BIOGRAPHY

IN the age in which Shakespeare lived very little importance was attached to actors or playwrights, and few facts about him have been preserved ; more, however, is known about his personal history than about that of many other men of his profession at the close of the sixteenth century. He was born in Stratford-on-Avon in Warwickshire, probably on April 23, 1564 : he was baptized, according to the record, three days later. His family were of the yeoman class and had lived in the neighbourhood for many generations. His father was an active business man in a small way in a very small community ; dealt in hides, meat, wool, and leather ; became a land owner and a man of property ; was chosen bailiff or head alderman ; became involved in financial difficulties and lost the greater part of his estate. Shakespeare undoubtedly went to the Grammar School in his native town and studied the books prescribed for such schools : the plays of the Latin comedy writers, Terence and Plautus, with whose manner of writing some of his earlier plays show familiarity ; Seneca, the novelist, and Cicero, the orator ; Ovid, the poet, from whose pages he probably learned the story of Venus and Adonis ; Lily's Latin grammar ; the Sententiae Pueriles, a collection of

wise maxims much studied by English boys of the time, and the Bible in what is known as the Genevan version or in a version made when Shakespeare was four years old. There were few studies, school hours were very long, and discipline very severe; and boys learned a few books thoroughly; which is much better than knowing many books superficially. When Shakespeare was eighteen years old he married Ann Hathaway, who lived in the little hamlet of Shottery, within easy walking distance of Stratford. He had three children: Susanna, born in 1583; and Hamnet and Judith, born in 1585. A year later he went to London in search of work, and in 1592 he had become an actor and writer of plays. He never attained eminence as an actor, though there is a tradition that he played the part of Adam in *As You Like It* uncommonly well, and that he made a success as the ghost in *Hamlet*. Many stories of dissipation have been told about this period of his life, but they are discredited by his industry, his steady growth as a writer, his loyalty to his family, and his success as a man of business. In 1592 one of his fellow-playwrights spoke of him as an actor and a man in terms of warm praise. His interest and skill in poetry were shown by the publication of *Venus and Adonis* in 1593, and *The Rape of Lucrece* in 1594. The theatre, although frowned upon by a large section of society, was rapidly gaining position and influence, and companies of actors were organized under the patronage of men of rank. Shakespeare became a member of one of these companies and rose

to a prominent and influential position as actor, playwright, manager, and shareholder. His income from all these sources increased until he acquired a competence which enabled him to retire in middle life and return to Stratford to live as a man of property and leisure. He was connected principally with the Globe, the foremost theatre of the period ; and his plays were not only presented at this theatre but contributed largely to its popularity.

When Shakespeare began his career plays were not published as books are published to-day, but were sold to the theatres and became their exclusive property. There were many plays whose authors were not known and which were so entirely the property of the theatres that they were worked over, recast, and rewritten without any thought of or regard for individual ownership. Shakespeare learned how to write plays by working over some of these old dramas, and the three parts of Henry VI contain some of this earlier work which he added to and recast to make the old plays more effective for stage purposes. When Shakespeare left London for Stratford in 1611, he had written thirty-six or thirty-seven plays, and had become a rich man.

Shakespeare was not a man of letters in the modern sense of the phrase ; his vocation was not writing books to be read, but writing plays for the theatre, to be acted. It was, therefore, against his interest that his work should be published, and it is probable that none of the plays were published with his consent. During his life sixteen

plays appeared in quarto form, without his authorization, the text having been taken down by shorthand writers by such very defective methods as were in use at the time, or secured without his consent from actors. Seven years after his death thirty-six plays were issued in what is known as the First Folio edition, edited by his friends and fellow-actors, John Heminge and Henry Condell. Shakespeare probably never thought of himself as a literary man, and never thought of his plays as literature in the modern sense. He wrote them to be sold and acted them to earn his living ; he never revised or published them.

The plays may be divided in a general way into four groups : those like the parts of *Henry VI* and *The Comedy of Errors* and *Love's Labour's Lost*, written during his period of apprenticeship when he was learning how to construct plays ; those like *Romeo and Juliet* and *The Midsummer Night's Dream*, written while his poetic imagination was more active than his dramatic insight and power ; the tragedies, *Julius Cæsar*, *Hamlet*, *King Lear*, *Macbeth*, *Othello*, *Coriolanus*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, in which his genius as a dramatist, and his magical skill in the use of language, reached a height above that of any contemporary or successor ; and the small group of plays often called "romances," written at the end of his life, including *The Winter's Tale*, *The Tempest*, *Cymbeline*. These plays, with a group of Sonnets published in 1609, and the two poems, *Venus and Adonis* and *The Rape of Lucrece*, form a contribution to literature unsur-

passed for depth of insight into character, variety and breadth of observation, sanity of moral feeling and judgement, and beauty and energy of style. Scattered through the plays many lyrics or songs appear, which for freshness of imagination and magic of cadence must be ranked among the best poetry of the singing quality in the literature of the world.

Shakespeare made many friends and received the most affectionate tributes from his contemporaries ; his plays were very popular, not only with the people who went to the theatre, but in the court circles ; he was one of the most brilliant talkers of his time ; and the growth of his genius as recorded in his plays seems to have been unusually symmetrical. He had moods of depression and even cynicism like all men of sensitive genius and vivid imagination ; but his nature was sweet and sound, and he is conspicuous among the great poets for his serenity, sanity, and poise. No man surpassed him in breadth of observation of the relations of men to one another and to society, of the influence of what men do on what they become and suffer, of the effects of lack of balance between will, emotion, and action.

In 1611 Shakespeare returned to Stratford and bought a substantial house with ample grounds known as New Place. His son Hamnet died in 1596, his daughter Judith married Thomas Quiney, and his daughter Susanna John Hall ; both lived in Stratford in houses still standing, and John Hall became a physician of high repute. Shakespeare's last direct descendant was Lady

Barnard, the daughter of Mrs. Hall. Shakespeare had a large income and was evidently a man of prudence and sagacity in managing his affairs ; while the humour, kindness, geniality, and charity which made him one of the sanest of writers bound his friends to him with bands of steel. He died April 23, 1616, and was buried in the chancel of Holy Trinity Church at Stratford, which has become one of the places of supreme interest in England to Americans quite as much as to Englishmen.

INTRODUCTION

WHEN Shakespeare was a boy there were no newspapers in England, and books were so few and expensive that, so far as the great body of English people were concerned, there were no books. There was very little travel; when Shakespeare went up to London about 1586 the roads were tracks or ruts across the fields, and there were no stages or conveyances of any kind running at regular times until fifty years later. Shakespeare made the journey on foot or on a horse hired or bought for the occasion. The great majority of his neighbours in Stratford had never been twenty miles from home. Letters were rare and were entrusted to chance travellers. Life in small towns and in the country was very monotonous and dull. It was not so dull as it had been two centuries earlier, when in the lonely castles there was a warm welcome for men of wandering habits who went about telling stories and reciting long poems, like *The Romance of the Rose*, to entertain people; and were rewarded by a rough bed, a coarse meal, and an occasional gift of money.

England had awakened from the lethargy of the Middle Ages and had begun to think modern thoughts and ask modern questions; but life was still very un-

interesting in places like Stratford. There were no theatres in 1564, the year of Shakespeare's birth ; but there were companies of travelling actors who gave rude plays in the yards of inns, in public squares, and, sometimes, in large private houses. These plays were not only the forerunners of the great dramas which were written a few years later, but of the circus and "show" of our time. The audiences were made up of all kinds of people, but chiefly of village folk, of men who frequented taverns and stables, and of clerks and apprentices.

The stage, the scenery, the play, the actors, and the audiences were crude and rough ; but in the companies of men who rode from town to town in tawdry dress, and who lived at times as modern tramps live, there were the beginnings of a great art ; and in these rude, improvised theatres the English people found their newspapers, novels, histories, free libraries, and reading rooms.

The people of that age were as fond of stories as we are ; but while in our day more stories are written than any man can read, in their day the story on the stage was the only one offered them. The old plays were stories that were acted instead of printed ; they were published on a stage instead of in a book. The play-writers laid hands on any bit of history or group of incidents that could be worked over and put together so as to thrill people, or surprise them, or fill them with horror ; just as the writers of sensational novels and plays *do to-day*. Much of the most available material these

play-writers found in English histories and legends ; and they made a great number of plays, now almost wholly lost, out of striking scenes and happenings, and the heroic, unfortunate, or evil figures in the story of earlier England.

There were two kinds of these rude dramas : chronicle-plays and tragedies of blood. The former were not so much dramas as series of dramatic scenes and pictures ; Shakespeare's three plays about Henry VI are good examples of the chronicle-play when it was written or worked over by a man of genius. On the other hand, a good example of the tragedy of blood is found in *Titus Andronicus* ; a play often attributed to Shakespeare but not certainly known to have been written by him. These "blood-and-thunder" tragedies — as we call them to-day — were great favourites with the people, and were put together, before Shakespeare's time, with very little skill or inventiveness. There was a hero who was usually killed in the first part and avenged in the most bloody manner in the second, his ghost being generally on the scene. There was then as now a great interest in ghosts, and Shakespeare does not hesitate to use them in several plays ; notably in *Macbeth*, *Hamlet*, *Richard III*, and *Julius Cæsar*. There were certain incidents of which the people never tired, and among them were the apparition of the ghost in *Hamlet* crying for revenge, and the death of Cæsar. The cry of Hamlet's father made a deep impression on the quick imagination of Shakespeare's contemporaries and was heard many times on the stage ;

while the fall of Cæsar at the foot of Pompey's statue was felt to be one of the great tragic moments in history.

Shakespeare a Story-Teller.—Shakespeare was a born story-teller; he was a man of genius who told stories in such a way as to make them both great plays and great poems; but at the beginning he was bent chiefly on interesting people by arranging events in such an order, putting men and women on the stage with such words in their mouths, and such deeds to do, as would hold the attention and delight the ears of the crowd in the theatre. He began by writing chronicle-plays, the chief object of which was to keep everybody interested in what the actors were doing; he went on to write poetic plays, full of imagination and sentiment; then he wrote tragedies as great in their thought and speech as the fates they represented; and, finally, he created romances touched with a beauty beyond the reach of all his contemporaries in *The Winter's Tale* and *The Tempest*; but he remained to the end a wonderfully vivid and captivating teller of stories; and one of the best ways of learning how to enjoy him is to read his plays again and again as stories.

Among the plays which have all the qualities of a good story, none is more striking or absorbing than *Julius Cæsar*. Shakespeare lived in a time when the idea of literary property, of a man's exclusive ownership of the things he wrote, was, so to speak, in its infancy. Stories, plays, and even poems were common property. England was just coming out of her isolation, and begin-

ning to feel herself one of the family of nations ; and this feeling was due in large measure to the pouring in of the ideas, knowledge, and literature of all Europe. Englishmen in Shakespeare's time were like men who had thought they lived on an island and suddenly discovered that they lived in a world. They were full of an intense curiosity about other countries, eager to know what other races had thought and said and done. They devoured the writings of the Italians, the French, and the Spaniards as they had earlier read the writings of the Greeks and Romans. They travelled, studied in foreign universities, translated foreign books. When men are in this frame of mind they are quick to learn ; and among all the brilliant men of his time, no one learned more quickly than Shakespeare.

Sources of Julius Caesar. — Nearly all the great cities of Europe and many of the smaller towns in Italy are mentioned in Shakespeare's plays. He looked everywhere for good stories, and wherever he found them he took them, rearranged them, brought out the character in them, clothed them in a beauty which made them his own, and breathed the breath of life in them as plays. In this way he found plots in the early Italian novelists, in the old plays that were kept in the theatres, in Holinshed's *Chronicles of England, Scotland, and Ireland*, in Plutarch's *Lives*. Among the great books which came by translation into the hands of the men of Shakespeare's time none impressed them more than Plutarch's short but wonderfully distinct accounts of many of the most

famous Greeks and Romans. The *Lives* had all the interest of a novel for men who knew almost nothing of biography. Born about the middle of the first century in Chæronea, Bœotia,—a part of Greece which the Athenians used to say was full of very dull people, as the Germans say that Swabia is a very stupid country,—Plutarch lived nearly seventy years in his native town; liking it so well that he said he was unwilling “to make it less by the withdrawal of even one inhabitant.” He travelled a good deal, however; saw much of the world of his time; lectured and taught in the Greek language in Rome; wrote about a hundred books, and never wrote a dull one. Emerson says of the *Lives*, borrowing a phrase from Ben Jonson, that they are “rammed with life.” They abound in interesting anecdotes, and the style is fresh, vivid, and effective. These short stories of great men were first translated into French and then, later, from French into English by Sir Thomas North, while Shakespeare was in the Grammar School at Stratford. The translation belongs to a group of translations, including Chapman’s *Homer*, Florio’s *Montaigne*, and Fairfax’s *Tasso*, which were so full of the spirit of the time and put into such noble English, that they may be regarded as original contributions to the literature of the age of Queen Elizabeth.

Shakespeare turned to Plutarch at the time when he was writing some of his greatest plays, and the old biographer fed his imagination when it was moved most deeply and created great works with masterly power and

ease. In the *Lives* Shakespeare found material for the three Roman tragedies, *Coriolanus*, *Julius Cæsar*, and *Antony and Cleopatra*; and in part for the Greek tragedy, *Timon of Athens*. In the short biographies of Cæsar, Brutus, and Antony he found a rich mine not only of information and fact, but of suggestion, bits of description, sketches of character, dialogues, and passages of such eloquence that he used them with very slight changes. But much as he owed to Plutarch, the play of *Julius Cæsar* is not an adaptation, but a creation. The dramatist had material of unusual quality to work with, but when he finished he had made it over so completely that it was a new work and belonged to him as truly as if he had invented the characters and incidents.

The difference between Plutarch's prose and Shakespeare's poetry can best be shown by placing two famous passages side by side. One of the most striking parts of the play is the oration of Mark Antony over Cæsar's body. Plutarch describes the address in these words: "When Cæsar's body was brought into the market place, Antonius making his funeral oration in praise of the dead, according to the ancient custom of Rome, and perceiving that his words moved the common people to compassion, he framed his eloquence to make their hearts yearn the more, and taking Cæsar's gown all bloody in his hand, he layed it open to the sight of them all, showing what a number of cuts and holes it had in it. Therewith all the people fell presently into such a rage and mutiny that there was no more order kept among the common people."

Compare this clear descriptive prose with Shakespeare's rendering of the speech, and the quickness with which his imagination made any kind of material his own, discerned what could be done with it, and made it over with magical skill and beauty, is seen at a glance :

You all do know this mantle : I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii :
Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through :
See what a rent the envious Casca made :
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd ;
And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no ;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel :
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him !
This was the most unkindest cut of all ;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him : then burst his mighty heart ;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statua,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.

How Shakespeare Worked.— Ben Jonson, who was Shakespeare's greatest rival, and one of his best friends, was a scholar ; he loved exactness and thoroughness, and the sharpest criticism he made on Shakespeare was that *the latter did not correct and revise his writing.* Jonson

wrote a fine Roman tragedy on *Sejanus*, in which almost every incident and speech was taken from the authorities he consulted, and he accompanied the play with a great number of minute references. The result is that the men in the play speak exactly as they do in the pages of the Roman histories, but they do not live, move, and have their being like actual persons before our eyes. They are scholarly puppets who move only when Jonson pulls the strings, and one can see how he does it.

Shakespeare always read with his imagination ; he saw not only the words but the people whom the words described. As he read Plutarch's accounts of Cæsar, Brutus, and Antony he saw the drama of their lives going on before him ; and when he set himself to tell the story to his contemporaries, he thought only of the most vivid and vital way of doing it. He had no interest in following Plutarch's lead ; he wanted to make Plutarch's men live. Accordingly he used Plutarch's words when they were vivid and alive, and his own words when they were more eloquent and impressive. He gave the facts but only so far as they brought out the truth ; he took those things which showed what kind of men Cæsar, Brutus, Cassius, and Antony were, and he discarded the rest.

Shakespeare and Plutarch.—Sometimes Shakespeare uses Plutarch's exact words ; sometimes he invents long passages and whole scenes of which there are no hints in Plutarch. He knew what to leave out ; which is one of the nice points of dramatic writing. Plutarch narrates at great length a number of indecisive movements between

the day of Cæsar's death and the battle of Philippi ; he describes attempts to reach an understanding between Brutus and Cassius on one side and the Senate on the other ; he gives an account of a quarrel between Antony and Octavius ; he reports Brutus' visit to Athens and his interest in Greek philosophy, and the several quarrels between him and Cassius. Shakespeare sifts this confused chapter of history, makes it perfectly clear, and tells the story in three great incidents : Cæsar's funeral, the quarrel scene between Brutus and Cassius, and the battle of Philippi. Shakespeare's genius for seeing what is essential and making us see and understand it in a few lines is strikingly shown in the quarrel scene, which is a marvellous example of concentration.

When the Play was Written.—When Shakespeare wrote *Julius Cæsar*, probably about the year 1601, he was thirty-seven years old and had reached the full maturity of his mind and art. He had served a long apprenticeship and knew just what he could do and how to do it. He had worked over old plays ; he had written sparkling comedies ; he had made some of the most beautiful songs in the world, and composed the most striking and interesting sonnets in English literature ; he had studied English history and told the story of the Wars of the Roses so vividly, in a series of historical plays, that a great Englishman did not hesitate to say that he had learned his history from Shakespeare ; he had made himself a man of means, and drawn men to him in the closest and most affectionate friendship ; he had, above all, drunk deep of the cup of

experience and learned what was in life by what had happened in his own life.

Between the years of 1601 and 1608 he devoted himself almost entirely to the writing of tragedy, and in that time he produced a group of the greatest dramas in literature: *King Lear*, *Macbeth*, *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Julius Cæsar*.

Poet and Dramatic Artist.—Shakespeare was not only one of the foremost story-tellers in the world, but he was also a poet and a thinker. The moment he began to make over the old plays, he began to show a wonderful insight into life, a wonderful knowledge of character. As he grew older this insight grew clearer and this knowledge deeper and broader; he came to know the world in one of the most exciting moments of its history, when men were full of vitality and "rammed with life," with fierce passions, towering ambitions, audacious schemes in their minds. He saw brilliant successes and tragic failures on all sides; splendid hopes defeated by base means, some of his warmest friends overtaken with irretrievable disaster, the great Queen growing old and her brilliant day ending in cloud and storm.

In his own life there must have come deep and painful experiences which compelled him to look calamity and sorrow and age in the face and try to understand what they meant. For seven or eight years he seems to have been brooding over the mysteries of life, and trying to answer the terrible and searching questions which it put to him. At the very time when he had learned his art

most thoroughly and could do his work with the utmost power and the most magical skill, the richest and most inspiring subjects filled his imagination. It was during those years of profound thought and feeling that the tragedies were written, *Julius Cæsar* being one of the earliest of them. The play was published for the first time in the Folio of 1623, the earliest complete edition of Shakespeare's works, edited by his two friends, John Heminge and Henry Condell, who were actors like himself; and its popularity from the start was assured by its subject and by its sustained interest. One of his contemporaries, Weaver, who printed *The Mirror of Martyrs*, in 1601, has left this report of the liking of the people for the play :

The many-headed multitude were drawn
By Brutus' speech, that Cæsar was ambitious,
When eloquent Mark Antoine had shown
His virtues, who but Brutus then was vicious ?

which seems to show that Antony's subtle and calculated eloquence was as taking on the English stage as it was in the Roman market-place; and strikingly fulfils the prophecy of Cassius :

How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over
In states unborn and accents yet unknown !

The tragedy is still among the popular of Shakespeare's plays and the quarrel scene between Brutus and Cassius has been rendered many times by the foremost actors on the modern stage.

The Tragic Elements. — *Julius Cæsar* is one of the greatest stories in history because it reports great events, shaped by great men and culminating in a great and striking climax. The chronicle-plays which preceded it were generally composed of a series of events ; they were panoramas of incidents, and read like chapters in an incomplete drama. *Julius Cæsar* is complete in itself ; it begins abruptly and we are caught up in affairs at Rome and absorbed by them before we have finished the first scene ; we know at once that great events are at hand. Then follows the death of Cæsar ; sudden, dramatic, and involving the fate of the world ; then comes the gathering of the forces of the conspirators and of the friends of Cæsar and the inheritors of his tradition, and the quarrel of Brutus and Cassius makes one aware at once of the moral elevation and the practical weakness of the Roman patriots ; the end at Philippi has been foreshadowed and is seen to be inevitable, but Cæsar's ghost, appearing to the calm vision of Brutus, ties the final defeat to the deed at the foot of Pompey's statue. There is no pause in the movement of the play ; it flows with the current of a deep stream in human affairs. Its construction is firm and close ; act is knit to act by a logic not only of events but of character, and the attention is riveted from the rise to the fall of the curtain. The story is full of great and stirring moments, is pervaded by a haunting sense of fate, and is dominated by noble or commanding personalities.

The chief actors are all worthy to be called “ Plutarch's

men ;" that is to say, they are men of large purpose, resolute will, and dominating ability. There is a strain of the heroic in them all ; for even pleasure-loving Antony is ready to die beside the corpse of Cæsar. They are all capable of thinking great things, and three of them are capable of executing them. It is at this point that what would have been a chronicle-play, if Shakespeare had written it earlier in his life, becomes a very noble tragedy ; the series of historical scenes not simply following one another but flowing out of one another by the force of that logic which gives life its meaning and dignity. By the working out of this logic what is sown by one man or by many men in successive generations sooner or later bears fruit in the lives of other men. In such a tragedy as *Macbeth* the sower of the seeds of evil reaps his own harvest and is overtaken by the punishment he has brought on himself. In *Hamlet* a sensitive nature framed for thought rather than for action, and almost distraught by the horror of corruption and crime which he discovers in his own home, is compelled to destroy and be destroyed in order that a foul world may be cleansed. In *Julius Cæsar* a great and radical change has been made in society. Cæsar,— who personifies it,— Octavius, and, to a certain extent, Antony, recognize the new movement in Rome, move with it, and are carried on to fortune. Brutus and Cassius, on the other hand, fail to see that changed conditions involve new forms of rule, and are wrecked by flinging themselves against an order which was inevitable and was, for the time, invincible

because it met the needs of a Rome which had become a world-power. Whether this change was beneficent or unfortunate for Rome, it was already an accomplished fact ; and the tragedy for Brutus and Cassius lay in their inability to recognize the fact.

There are different kinds of tragedy, but in every tragedy there is a collision of will : a struggle between a man and some fellow-man ; between a man and the state ; between a man and some movement which is vaster and stronger than he ; between a man and fixed conditions about him ; between the good and evil, or the weak and the strong elements of character, in the same man. In *Julius Cæsar* the tragedy has two elements : the struggle of noble men against an overwhelming current in human affairs, and the struggle of high-minded but ineffective men against men of great practical capacity and force. The name of the play has been criticized because Cæsar dies in the third act ; more than one critic has suggested that it ought to have been called "Brutus." Shakespeare's insight did not fail him, however, when he named his tragedy after the most commanding figure in it. Cæsar is shown in the play as a man beginning to feel the weakness of age ; superstitious, vainglorious, easily moved by flattery, swooning when the crown is offered him ; he is, nevertheless, the dominating personality in the drama. It is he with whom Brutus and Cassius contend to the very end ; when his body is borne from the stage his spirit takes possession of it. The idea for which he stands, and the political order which he has created and

in which he is to survive for generations, are impregnable to the assaults of the conspirators. They begin to see very early that Cæsar is not dead, and cannot be killed ; and at the end Brutus cries out :

O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet !
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails.

The conspirators flung themselves blindly against a force which overwhelmed them, and they saw too late that they had attempted a work which was beyond their power.

Contrasts of Character. — Antony and Octavius could think great things and execute them ; Brutus and Cassius could think great things but could not execute them ; here is the second element in the tragedy : the collision between those who see ideals clearly, and those who have a firm grasp of realities. Cæsar was one of the greatest personal forces society has known ; he reorganized the world of his time and gave his name to the order of government which he established. As a commander, a statesman, and a writer, he is one of the most effective men in history. His nephew, Octavius, afterwards the Emperor Augustus, had less genius but an immense talent for governing and managing affairs. Antony was pleasure-loving and self-indulgent, but had great gifts as a soldier, and was capable, at the time in his life when those events took place, of great energy and of brilliant and successful dealing with difficult situations. These

three actors in the play knew how to conceive great projects and to carry them out.

Brutus, on the other hand, although the noblest figure in the play, lacked that sense of reality which gives men a clear understanding of conditions about them and enables them to know what they can do and what is beyond their power. He is one of the noblest and most consistent of all Shakespeare's men ; a patriot who loved his country without a thought for his own welfare ; a man who personified Roman virtue in its highest forms ; the "noblest Roman of them all." He was, however, an idealist not only by conviction but by temperament ; he believed implicitly in ideas, and he followed them without due regard for means. He often attempted to do things for which he did not possess the proper instruments. He had the qualities of a great inspirer of noble living, but he lacked the qualities of a great leader. The problem of life is the incorporation of ideas in character, laws, and institutions, and to do this a man must have, not only a clear vision for ideas, but a clear sense of what can be done at the moment and how it can be done. Brutus, like Hamlet, was forced to act in a crisis for which he was unfitted by temperament to deal.

Cassius is a man of courage and of ideas, but he is far more egotistical than Brutus ; he frankly envies Cæsar and hates him because, having started at the same point in life, Cæsar has left him far behind. He is capable of scheming and plotting like any common conspirator ; Brutus hates any kind of concealment and would have

everything as open as the day. Cassius would stab with a touch of personal animosity ; Brutus stabs as a public executioner. Cassius is capable of ideas, but he does not, like Brutus, live exclusively with them. He is too keen an observer to be a pure idealist ; and Cæsar, who knew men, distrusted him with good reason. He is capable, however, of great elevation of purpose and dignity of action ; and he has the love of Brutus, which was given only to men capable of great deeds.

In the end the spirit of Cæsar, embodied in an irresistible movement towards a highly centralized government at Rome, and the force and practical sagacity of Octavius and Antony, triumph, and Brutus and Cassius die, after the Roman custom, by their own hands. Shakespeare is never, however, a worshipper of success ; and in this noble tragedy he makes a striking contrast between the failure of men in dealing with affairs and their success in dealing with life, which is a much more complex affair. A material defeat is turned into a moral victory, and the victors at Philippi concede to the dead Brutus, who in all his life had found no man who was not true to him, that which they do not claim for themselves :

This was the noblest Roman of them all :
All the conspirators save only he
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar ;
He only, in a general honest thought
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world "This was a man!"

SUGGESTIVE TOPICS

These topics are intended merely to save time for both teachers and pupils and to indicate methods of studying the play which experience has proved valuable.

1. The use of prose in this play.
2. Shakespeare's Commoners: their characteristics and his attitude toward them, see i. 1; iii. 2.
3. Brutus and Cassius: their character, purposes, and motives traced through the play and compared.
4. A study of the characters of Casca, Cicero, Antony, Octavius.
5. The character of Portia: Is she a Roman or an Elizabethan woman? A comparison of Portia and Calpurnia.
6. Shakespeare's object in introducing the storm and prodigies in i. 3 and ii. 2. Compare with *Macbeth*.
7. Cæsar in this play; comparison with the Cæsar of history.
8. A comparison of the scene between Brutus and Portia with that between Hotspur and Lady Percy, see *King Henry IV*, Part I, ii. 3.
9. A study of Antony's speech in iii. 2, tracing the progress of his influence over the mob.
10. A careful study of the quarrel scene, observing the grounds of dispute, the steps in the reconciliation and the reasons for it, the light thrown on the character of the two participants, also the dramatic significance of the scene.
11. A comparison of Brutus's bearing when he spoke of Portia's death with that of Macbeth when he received word of Lady Macbeth's death.
12. Cæsar's ghost: its significance, reason for its appearance to Brutus rather than to Cassius; comparison with the apparitions in *Macbeth* and *Hamlet*.
13. A study of the structure of the play, noting the character of each act, the dramatic purpose of each scene, the height of the climax, the dominant force in Acts iv and v, the steps by which the audience is prepared for the crises of the play.
14. The dramatic significance of various episodes and apostrophes. For example: i. 2. 190-214; ii. 2. 120-125; iii. 1. 148-150; iv. 3. 124-138; 147-157; 239-274; 275-288; v. 1. 27-66.
15. A study of Shakespeare's dramatic devices. For example: i. 2. 89, as furnishing the key to Brutus's character, to be followed throughout the play; the significance of i. 2. 19 in Brutus's mouth, also ii. 1. 40; the effect on the audience of ii. 2. 120-123, and of the *Asides*; the effect of iii. 1. 31, 32; 60; 74.
16. A study of the use of the short and broken verse in this play.

SHAKESPEARE'S VERSE

Julius Cæsar, like all Shakespeare's plays, is written in blank verse; as is the case in his other plays, there are occasional passages in prose; rhyme is sometimes used to indicate to the audience the end of a scene; see i. 2; v. 3; v. 5. Blank verse (so called because it does not rhyme) is the iambic pentameter verse, consisting of five feet, of two syllables each, with the accent on the second syllable in each foot.

The cause | is in | my will : || I will | not come; ii. 2. 71.
O judge|ment! || thou | art fled | to brut|ish beasts; iii. 2. 109.

There are many variations on this normal form, introduced by Shakespeare to increase the beauty and power of his poetry. Some of the most frequent are

1. A change of accent :

Whérefore | rejoice? || Whát con|quest brings | he homé? i. 1. 37.
Dearer | than Plútus' mine, || richer | than gold. iv. 3. 102.

2. An additional syllable :

Háted | by one | he loves; || braved by | his bróth|er. iv. 3. 95.
Remém|ber March, || the ides | of March | remém|ber. iv. 3. 18.
Let me see, | let me see, || is not | the leaf | turned down. iv. 3. 273.

3. A syllable slurred in pronunciation :

I had ráth|er be | a dóg, || and báy | the moon. iv. 3. 27.
Whéther Cæ|sar will | come forth | to-day || or no. ii. 1. 194.

The student should train his ear to Shakespeare's verse by reading aloud, for so only will he get the spirit and power and beauty of the poetry. He will find that there are many other variations on the norm, but as he gains feeling for the rhythm, he will have no difficulty in recognizing, for instance, changes in pronunciation; and he will soon come to feel how the master has made his verse conform to the thought and feeling of the occasion. The pupil should also observe Shakespeare's management of the sentence and note the effect produced by bringing it to a close in the middle of a verse. The cæsura, or pause for breath, in the body of the verse should also be considered for good reading, and the student will recognize how much of the melody of the poetry comes from the variety in the position of the cæsural pause.

THE TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CÆSAR

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

JULIUS CÆSAR.		CINNA, a poet.	Another Poet.
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,	triumvirs after	LUCILIUS,	
MARCUS ANTONIUS,	the death of	TITINIUS,	
M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS,	Julius Cæsar.	MESSALA,	friends to Brutus and
CICERO,		Young CATO,	Cassius.
PUBLIUS,	senators.	VOLUMNIUS,	
POPILIUS LENA,		VARRO,	
MARCUS BRUTUS,		CLITUS,	
CASSIUS,		CLAUDIUS,	
CASCA,		STRATO,	
TREBONIUS,	conspirators	LUCIUS,	
LIGARIUS,	against Julius	DARDANIUS,	
DECIUS BRUTUS,	Cæsar.	PINDARUS, servant to Cassius.	
METELLUS CIMBER,			
CINNA,		CALPURNIA, wife to Cæsar.	
FLAVIUS and MARULLUS, tribunes.		PORTIA, wife to Brutus.	
ARTEMIDORUS of Cnidos, a teacher of			
Rhetoric.		Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.	
A Soothsayer.			

SCENE: *Rome; the neighbourhood of Sardis; the neighbourhood of Philippi.*

ACT I

SCENE I. *Rome. A street*

Enter Flavius, Marullus, and CERTAIN COMMONERS

Flavius. Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home:

Is this a holiday? what! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk

3. *mechanical*, mechanics or tradespeople.

Upon a labouring day without the sign
Of your profession? Speak, what trade art thou?

First Commoner. Why, sir, a carpenter.

Marullus. Where is thy leather apron and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?
You, sir, what trade are you?

Second Commoner. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine
workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler. 11

Marullus. But what trade art thou? answer me directly.

Second Commoner. A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may
use with a safe conscience; which is indeed, sir,
a mender of bad soles.

Marullus. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty
knave, what trade?

Second Commoner. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not
out with me: yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend
you.

Marullus. What mean'st thou by that? mend me, 20
thou saucy fellow!

Second Commoner. Why, sir, cobble you.

Flavius. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

Second Commoner. Truly, sir, all that I live by is
with the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's mat-
ters, nor women's matters, but with awl. I am
indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they
are in great danger, I re-cover them. As proper
men as ever trod upon neats-leather have gone
upon my handiwork. 30

Flavius. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day?

Why dost thou lead these men about the streets ?
Second Commoner. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes,
to get myself into more work. But indeed, sir,
we make holiday, to see Cæsar and to rejoice in
his triumph.

Marullus. Wherefore rejoice ? What conquest brings
he home ?

What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels ?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless
things !

O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey ? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day with patient expectation
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome :
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks
To hear the replication of your sounds
Made in her concave shores ?
And do you now put on your best attire ?
And do you now pull out a holiday ?
And do you now strew flowers in his way
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood ?
Be gone !

51. *replication*, reverberation, echo.

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
 Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
 That needs must light on this ingratitude. 60

Flavius. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,
 Assemble all the poor men of your sort ;
 Draw them to Tiber banks and weep your tears
 Into the channel, till the lowest stream
 Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[*Exeunt all the Commoners.*]

See, whether their basest metal be not moved ;
 They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
 Go you down that way towards the Capitol ;
 This way will I : disrobe the images,
 If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies. 70

Marullus. May we do so ?

You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

Flavius. It is no matter ; let no images
 Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,
 And drive away the vulgar from the streets :
 So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
 These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing
 Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,
 Who else would soar above the view of men
 And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [*Exeunt.* 80

SCENE II. *A public place*

Flourish. Enter CÆSAR; ANTONY, for the course; CALPURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and CASCA; a great crowd following, among them a SOOTHSAYER

Cæsar. Calpurnia!

Casca. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.

[*Music ceases.*

Cæsar.

Calpurnia!

Calpurnia. Here, my lord.

Cæsar. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
When he doth run his course. Antonius!

Antony. Cæsar, my lord?

Cæsar. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calpurnia; for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chase,
Shake off their sterile curse.

Antony. I shall remember:

When Cæsar says 'do this,' it is perform'd.

10

Cæsar. Set on, and leave no ceremony out. [*Flourish.*

Soothsayer. Cæsar!

Cæsar. Ha! who calls?

Cassius. Bid every noise be still: peace yet again!

Cæsar. Who is it in the press that calls on me?

I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,

Cry 'Cæsar.' Speak; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.

Soothsayer. Beware the ides of March.

Cæsar.

What man is that?

Brutus. A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.

Cæsar. Set him before me; let me see his face. 20

Cassius. Fellow, come from the throng; look upon Cæsar.

Cæsar. What say'st thou to me now? speak once again.

Soothsayer. Beware the ides of March.

Cæsar. He is a dreamer; let us leave him: pass.

[*Sennet. Exeunt all but Brutus and Cassius.*]

Cassius. Will you go see the order of the course?

Brutus. Not I.

Cassius. I pray you, do.

Brutus. I am not gamesome: I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires; 30
I'll leave you.

Cassius. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you. —

Brutus. Cassius,
Be not deceived: if I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am
Of late with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself, 40

19. *soothsayer*, fortune teller,

Which give some soil perhaps to my behaviours ;
But let not therefore my good friends be grieved —
Among which number, Cassius, be you one —
Nor construe any further my neglect
Than that poor Brutus with himself at war
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

Cassius. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion ;
By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations. 50
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face ?

Brutus. No, Cassius ; for the eye sees not itself
But by reflection, by some other things.

Cassius. 'Tis just :
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
Except immortal Cæsar, speaking of Brutus, 60
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Brutus. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me ?

Cassius. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared to hear :
And since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I your glass
Will modestly discover to yourself

That of yourself which you yet know not of.
 And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus :
 Were I a common laugher, or did use
 To stale with ordinary oaths my love
 To every new protester ; if you know
 That I do fawn on men and hug them hard,
 And after scandal them ; or if you know
 That I profess myself in banqueting
 To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*Flourish and shout.*]

Brutus. What means this shouting ? I do fear, the
 people
 Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cassius. Ay, do you fear it ?
 Then must I think you would not have it so.

Brutus. I would not, Cassius, yet I love him well.
 But wherefore do you hold me here so long ?

What is it that you would impart to me ?
 If it be aught toward the general good,
 Set honour in one eye and death i' the other,
 And I will look on both indifferently :
 For let the gods so speed me as I love

The name of honour more than I fear death.

Cassius. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
 As well as I do know your outward favour.

Well, honour is the subject of my story.

I cannot tell what you and other men
 Think of this life, but, for my single self,
 I had as lief not be as live to be

In awe of such a thing as I myself,
I was born free as Cæsar ; so were you :
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he :
For once, upon a raw and gusty day, 100
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me ' Darest thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point ? ' Upon the word,
Accoutré as I was, I plunged in
And bade him follow : so indeed he did.
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy ;
But ere we could arrive the point proposed, 110
Cæsar cried ' Help me, Cassius, or I sink ! '
I, as Æneas our great ancestor
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Cæsar : and this man
Is now become a god, and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark 120
How he did shake : 'tis true, this god did shake ;
His coward lips did from their colour fly,
And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world
Did lose his lustre : I did hear him groan :

Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans
 Mark him and write his speeches in their books,
 Alas, it cried, ' Give me some drink, Titinius,'
 As a sick girl. Ye gods ! it doth amaze me
 A man of such a feeble temper should
 So get the start of the majestic world 130
 And bear the palm alone. [Shout. Flourish.

Brutus. Another general shout!

I do believe that these applauses are
 For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.

Cassius. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
 Like a Colossus, and we petty men
 Walk under his huge legs and peep about
 To find ourselves dishonourable graves.

Men at some time are masters of their fates :
 The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, 140
 But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

Brutus, and Cæsar : what should be in that Cæsar ?
 Why should that name be sounded more than yours ?
 Write them together, yours is as fair a name ;
 Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well ;
 Weigh them, it is as heavy ; conjure with 'em,
 Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.

Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
 Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed, 149
 That he is grown so great ? Age, thou art shamed !
 Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods !
 When went there by an age, since the great flood,
 But it was famed with more than with one man ?

When could they say till now that talk'd of Rome
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O, you and I have heard our fathers say
There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome 160
As easily as a king.

Brutus. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have some aim:
How I have thought of this and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further moved. What you have said
I will consider; what you have to say
I will with patience hear, and find a time
Both meet to hear and answer such high things. 170
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this:
Brutus had rather be a villager
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cassius. I am glad that my weak words
Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

Brutus. The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.
Cassius. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;

And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you 180
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

171. *chew upon this, think this over.*

Re-enter Cæsar and his Train

Brutus. I will do so: but, look you, Cassius,
 The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
 And all the rest look like a chidden train:
 Calpurnia's cheek is pale, and Cicero
 Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes
 As we have seen him in the Capitol,
 Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

Cassius. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Cæsar. Antonius!

190

Antony. Cæsar?

Cæsar. Let me have men about me that are fat,
 Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:
 Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
 He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

Antony. Fear him not, Cæsar; he's not dangerous;
 He is a noble Roman, and well given.

Cæsar. Would he were fatter! but I fear him not:
 Yet if my name were liable to fear,
 I do not know the man I should avoid

200

So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
 He is a great observer, and he looks
 Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,
 As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music:
 Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
 As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
 That could be moved to smile at any thing.

186. *ferret*, sharp.

197. *given*, disposed.

Such men as he be never at heart's ease
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves,
And therefore are they very dangerous. 210
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd
Than what I fear ; for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Sennet. Exeunt Cæsar and
all his Train but Casca.*

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak ; would you speak
with me ?

Brutus. Ay, Casca ; tell us what hath chanced to-day,
That Cæsar looks so sad.

Casca. Why, you were with him, were you not ?

Brutus. I should not then ask Casca what had chanced.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offered him : and 220
being offered him, he put it by with the back of
his hand, thus : and then the people fell a-
shouting.

Brutus. What was the second noise for ?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cassius. They shouted thrice : what was the last cry
for ?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Brutus. Was the crown offered him thrice ?

Casca. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice,
every time gentler than other ; and at every put- 230
ting by mine honest neighbours shouted.

Cassius. Who offered him the crown ?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Brutus. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hang'd as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery; I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown: yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets: and, as I told you, he put it by once: but for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had 240 it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still as he refused it, the rabblement hooted and clapped their chopped hands and threw up their sweaty night-caps and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swoond and fell down at it: and for mine 250 own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

Cassius. But, soft, I pray you: what, did Cæsar swoond?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place and foamed at mouth and was speechless.

Brutus. 'Tis very like: he hath the falling-sickness.

Cassius. No, Cæsar hath it not: but you, and I, And honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness.

245. *rabblement*, rabble. 246. *chopped*, chapped. 250. *swoonded*, swooned, fainted.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that, but I am sure Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people ²⁶⁰ did not clap him and hiss him according as he pleased and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

Brutus. What said he when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet and offered them his throat to cut. An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among ²⁷⁰ the rogues. And so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, if he had done or said any thing amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried 'Alas, good soul!' and forgave him with all their hearts: but there's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

Brutus. And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

Casca. Ay.

²⁸⁰

Cassius. Did Cicero say any thing?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cassius. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again: but those that understood him smiled at one another and shook their heads;

^{260.} tag-rag people, the mob.

but for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was ²⁹⁰ more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cassius. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca. No, I am promised forth.

Cassius. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

Cassius. Good; I will expect you.

Casca. Do so: farewell, both. [Exit.

Brutus. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!

He was quick metal when he went to school. ³⁰⁰

Cassius. So is he now in execution.

Of any bold or noble enterprise,

However he puts on this tardy form.

This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,

Which gives men stomach to digest his words

With better appetite.

Brutus. And so it is. For this time I will leave you;

To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,

I will come home to you, or, if you will,

Come home to me and I will wait for you. ³¹⁰

Cassius. I will do so: till then, think of the world.

[Exit Brutus.

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,

Thy honourable metal may be wrought

From that it is disposed: therefore it is meet

That noble minds keep ever with their likes ;
 For who so firm that cannot be seduced ?
 Cæsar doth bear me hard ; but he loves Brutus :
 If I were Brutus now and he were Cassius,
 He should not humour me. I will this night,
 In several hands, in at his windows throw, 320
 As if they came from several citizens,
 Writings, all tending to the great opinion
 That Rome holds of his name, wherein obscurely
 Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at :
 And after this let Cæsar seat him sure ;
 For we will shake him, or worse days endure.

[Exit.]



SCENE III. *A street*

Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides,
 CASCA, *with his sword drawn, and CICERO*

Cicero. Good even, Casca : brought you Cæsar home ?
 Why are you breathless ? and why stare you so ?
 Casca. Are not you moved, when all the sway of earth
 Shakes like a thing unfirm ? O Cicero,
 I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
 Have rived the knotty oaks, and I have seen
 The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam,
 To be exalted with the threatening clouds ;
 But never till to-night, never till now,
 Did I go through a tempest dropping fire. 30

4. *unfirm*, not firm. 6. *rived*, split.

Either there is a civil strife in heaven,
 Or else the world too saucy with the gods
 Incenses them to send destruction.

Cicero. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

Casca. A common slave—you know him well by sight—

Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn
 Like twenty torches join'd, and yet his hand
 Not sensible of fire remain'd unscorch'd.

Besides — I ha' not since put up my sword —

Against the Capitol I met a lion, so
 Who glazed upon me and went surly by
 Without annoying me: and there were drawn
 Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women
 Transformed with their fear, who swore they saw
 Men all in fire walk up and down the streets.

And yesterday the bird of night did sit
 Even at noon-day upon the market-place,
 Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
 Do so conjointly meet, let not men say
 'These are their reasons: they are natural:' 30
 For, I believe, they are portentous things
 Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cicero. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time:
 But men may construe things after their fashion,
 Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
 Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow?

Casca. He doth; for he did bid Antonius
 Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.

21. *glazed*, glared. 31. *portentous*, ominous.

Cicero. Good night then, Casca: this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewell, Cicero. [*Exit Cicero.* 40]

Enter Cassius

Cassius. Who's there?

Casca. A Roman.

Cassius. Casca, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this!

Cassius. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

Cassius. Those that have known the earth so full of
faults.

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night,
And thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,
Have bared my bosom to the thunder-stone ;
And when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself 51
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the
heavens?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble
When the most mighty gods by tokens send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cassius. You are dull, Casca, and those sparks of life
That should be in a Roman you do want,
Or else you use not. You look pale and gaze
And put on fear and cast yourself in wonder, 60

To see the strange impatience of the heavens .
 But if you would consider the true cause
 Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
 Why birds and beasts from quality and kind,
 Why old men fool and children calculate,
 Why all these things change from their ordinance,
 Their natures and preformed faculties,
 To monstrous quality, why, you shall find
 That heaven hath infused them with these spirits
 To make them instruments of fear and warning 70
 Unto some monstrous state.

Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man
 Most like this dreadful night,
 That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
 As doth the lion in the Capitol,
 A man no mightier than thyself or me
 In personal action, yet prodigious grown
 And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean ; is it not, Cassius ?

Cassius. Let it be who it is : for Romans now 80
 Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors ;
 But, woe the while ! our fathers' minds are dead,
 And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits ;
 Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

Casca. Indeed they say the senators to-morrow
 Mean to establish Cæsar as a king ;
 And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,

64. *from quality*, contrary to their quality. 66. *ordinance*,
 order, course. 68. *monstrous quality*, unnatural course.

In every place save here in Italy.

Cassius. I know where I will wear this dagger then :

Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius. 90

Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong ;

Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat :

Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,

Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,

Can be retentive to the strength of spirit ;

But life, being weary of these worldly bars,

Never lacks power to dismiss itself.

If I know this, know all the world besides,

That part of tyranny that I do bear

I can shake off at pleasure. [Thunder still.]

Casca. So can I : 100

So every bondman in his own hand bears

The power to cancel his captivity.

Cassius. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant then ?

Poor man ! I know he would not be a wolf

But that he sees the Romans are but sheep :

He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.

Those that with haste will make a mighty fire

Begin it with weak straws : what trash is Rome,

What rubbish and what offal, when it serves

For the base matter to illuminate

110

So vile a thing as Cæsar ! But, O grief,

Where hast thou led me ! I perhaps speak this

Before a willing bondman ; then I know

My answer must be made. But I am arm'd,

95. *be retentive to, restrain.*

And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to Casca, and to such a man
That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold, my hand :
Be factious for redress of all these griefs,
And I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes farthest.

Cassius. There's a bargain made. 120
Now know you, Casca, I have moved already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans
To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honourable-dangerous consequence ;
And I do know, by this they stay for me
In Pompey's porch : for now, this fearful night,
There is no stir or walking in the streets,
And the complexion of the element
In favour's like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible. 130

Enter CINNA

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

Cassius. 'Tis Cinna ; I do know him by his gait ;

He is a friend. Cinna, where haste you so ?

Cinna. To find out you. Who's that ? Metellus Cimber ?

Cassius. No, it is Casca ; one incorporate

To our attempts. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna ?

Cinna. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this !

There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

117. *fleering*, grinning. 118. *factious*, active. 135. *incorporate*, closely united.

Cassius. Am I not stay'd for? tell me!

Cinna. Yes, you are.

O Cassius, if you could 140

But win the noble Brutus to our party —

Cassius. Be you content: good Cinna, take this paper,

And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,

Where Brutus may but find it, and throw this

In at his window; set this up with wax

Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,

Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.

Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?

Cinna. All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone 150
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,

And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

Cassius. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.

[*Exit Cinna.*]

Come, Casca, you and I will yet ere day

See Brutus at his house: three parts of him

Is ours already, and the man entire

Upon the next encounter yields him ours.

Casca. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts;
And that which would appear offence in us
His countenance, like richest alchemy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness. 160

Cassius. Him and his worth and our great need of him
You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight, and ere day
We will awake him and be sure of him. [*Exeunt.*]

162 *conceited*, conceived.

ACT II

SCENE I. *Rome. Brutus's orchard**Enter BRUTUS**Brutus.* What, Lucius, ho!

I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
 Give guess how near to day. Lucius, I say!
 I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.
 When, Lucius, when? awake, I say! what, Lucius!

*Enter LUCIUS**Lucius.* Call'd you, my lord?*Brutus.* Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
 When it is lighted, come and call me here.*Lucius.* I will, my lord. [Exit.*Brutus.* It must be by his death: and, for my part, 10
 I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
 But for the general. He would be crown'd:
 How that might change his nature, there's the
 question:

It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;
 And that craves wary walking. Crown him? —
 that; —

And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
 That at his will he may do danger with.
 The abuse of greatness is when it disjoins
 Remorse from power: and, to speak truth of Cæsar,
 I have not known when his affections sway'd 20
 More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,

That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face ;
But when he once strains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend : so Cæsar may ;
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus ; that what he is, augmented, 30
Would run to these and these extremities :
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg
Which hatch'd would as his kind grow mischievous,
And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter LUCIUS

Lucius. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.

Searching the window for a flint I found
This paper thus seal'd up, and I am sure
It did not lie there when I went to bed.

[*Gives him the letter.*

Brutus. Get you to bed again ; it is not day.

Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March ? 40

Lucius. I know not, sir.

Brutus. Look in the calendar and bring me word.

Lucius. I will, sir. [Exit.

Brutus. The exhalations whizzing in the air

Give so much light that I may read by them.

[*Opens the letter and reads.*

‘Brutus, thou sleep'st : awake and see thyself.

Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress.
 Brutus, thou sleep'st : awake.'
 Such instigations have been often dropp'd
 Where I have took them up. 50
 'Shall Rome, &c.' Thus must I piece it out :
 Shall Rome stand under one man's awe ? What,
 Rome ?
 My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
 The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.
 'Speak, strike, redress.' Am I entreated
 To speak and strike ? O Rome, I make thee promise,
 If the redress will follow, thou receivest
 Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus !

Re-enter LUCIUS

Lucius. Sir, March is wasted fifteen days.

[*Knocking within.*

Brutus. 'Tis good. Go to the gate ; somebody knocks.

[*Exit Lucius.*

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar 61
 I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing
 And the first motion, all the interim is
 Like a phantasma or a hideous dream :
 The Genius and the mortal instruments
 Are then in council, and the state of man,
 Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
 'The nature of an insurrection.

65. *phantasma*, vision.

66. *mortal instruments*, the passions.

Re-enter LUCIUS

Lucius. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door, 70
Who doth desire to see you.

Brutus. Is he alone?

Lucius. No, sir, there are moe with him.

Brutus. Do you know them?

Lucius. No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour.

Brutus. Let 'em enter. [*Exit Lucius.*]
They are the faction. O conspiracy,
Shamest thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then, by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough 80
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none,
conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles and affability:
For if thou path, thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

*Enter the conspirators, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA,
METELLUS CIMBER, and TREBONIUS*

Cassius. I think we are too bold upon your rest:
Good Morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you?

Brutus. I have been up this hour, awake all night.
Know I these men that come along with you?

83. *path*, walk abroad. 85. *prevention*, detection.

Cassius. Yes, every man of them ; and no man here 90
 But honours you ; and every one doth wish
 You had but that opinion of yourself
 Which every noble Roman bears of you.
 This is Trebonius.

Brutus. He is welcome hither.

Cassius. This, Decius Brutus.

Brutus. He is welcome too.

Cassius. This, Casca ; this, Cinna ; and this, Metellus
 Cimber.

Brutus. They are all welcome.

What watchful cares do interpose themselves
 Betwixt your eyes and night ?

Cassius. Shall I entreat a word ? [They whisper.] 100

Decius. Here lies the east : doth not the day break
 here ?

Casca. No.

Cinna. O, pardon, sir, it doth, and yon grey lines
 That fret the clouds are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess that you are both deceived.

Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises ;
 Which is a great way growing on the south,
 Weighing the youthful season of the year.
 Some two months hence up higher toward the north
 He first presents his fire, and the high east 110
 Stands as the Capitol, directly here.

Brutus. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cassius. And let us swear our resolution.

Brutus. No, not an oath : if not the face of men,

The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse, —
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed ;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women, then, countrymen,
What need we any spur but our own cause
To prick us to redress ? what other bond
Than secret Romans that have spoke the word,
And will not palter ? and what other oath
Than honesty to honesty engaged
That this shall be or we will fall for it ?

Swear priests and cowards and men cautious,
Old feeble carions and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs ; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt : but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprise,
Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
To think that or our cause or our performance
Did need an oath ; when every drop of blood
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

Cassius. But what of Cicero ? shall we sound him ?

I think he will stand very strong with us.

129. *cautious*, crafty. 134. *insuppressive*, not to be suppressed.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cinna. No, by no means.

Metellus. O, let us have him, for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to command our deeds :
It shall be said his judgement ruled our hands ;
Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.

Brutus. O, name him not : let us not break with him,
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin. 151

Cassius. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed he is not fit.

Decius. Shall no man else be touch'd but only Cæsar ?

Cassius. Decius, well urged : I think it is not meet
Mark Antony, so well beloved of Cæsar,
Should outlive Cæsar : we shall find of him
A shrewd contriver ; and you know his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far
As to annoy us all : which to prevent, 160
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.

Brutus. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
To cut the head off and then hack the limbs,
Like wrath in death and envy afterwards ;
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar :
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar,
And in the spirit of men there is no blood :
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,

And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas, 170
Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds:
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage
And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make
Our purpose necessary and not envious:
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers. 180
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm
When Cæsar's head is off.

Cassius. Yet I fear him,
For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar —

Brutus. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:
If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himself, take thought and die for Cæsar:
And that were much he should, for he is given
To sports, to wildness and much company.

Trebonius. There is no fear in him; let him not die;
For he will live and laugh at this hereafter. 191

[Clock strikes.

Brutus. Peace! count the clock.

Cassius. The clock hath stricken three.

Trebonius. 'Tis time to part.

Cassius. But it is doubtful yet
Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day or no;

For he is superstitious grown of late,
 Quite from the main opinion he held once
 Of fantasy, of dreams and ceremonies :
 It may be these apparent prodigies,
 The unaccustom'd terror of this night
 And the persuasion of his augurers,
 May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

200

Decius. Never fear that: if he be so resolved,
 I can o'ersway him; for he loves to hear
 That unicorns may be betray'd with trees
 And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
 Lions with toils and men with flatterers :
 But when I tell him he hates flatterers,
 He says he does, being then most flattered.
 Let me work;
 For I can give his humour the true bent,
 And I will bring him to the Capitol.

210

Cassius. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Brutus. By the eighth hour: is that the uttermost?

Cinna. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Metellus. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,
 Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey:
 I wonder none of you have thought of him.

Brutus. Now, good Metellus, go along by him:
 He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;
 Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

220

Cassius. The morning comes upon's: we'll leave you,
 Brutus:

200. *augurers*, interpreters of omens.

And, friends, disperse yourselves : but all remember
What you have said and show yourselves true
Romans.

Brutus. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily ;
Let not our looks put on our purposes ;
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untired spirits and formal constancy :
And so, good morrow to you every one.

[*Exeunt all but Brutus.*

Boy ! Lucius ! Fast asleep ! It is no matter ;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber : 230
Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men ;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter PORTIA

F. 11

Portia.

Brutus, my lord !

Brutus. Portia, what mean you ? wherefore rise you
now ?

It is not for your health thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

Portia. Nor for yours neither. You've ungently,
Brutus,

Stole from my bed : and yesternight at supper
You suddenly arose and walk'd about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms across ; 240
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You stared upon me with ungentle looks :
I urged you further ; then you scratch'd your head,

And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot :
 Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not,
 But with an angry wafture of your hand
 Gave sign for me to leave you : so I did,
 Fearing to strengthen that impatience
 Which seem'd too much enkindled, and withal
 Hoping it was but an effect of humour, 250
 Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
 It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep,
 And, could it work so much upon your shape
 As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
 I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
 Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Brutus. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Portia. Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,
 He would embrace the means to come by it.

Brutus. Why, so I do : good Portia, go to bed. 260

Portia. Is Brutus sick, and is it physical
 To walk unbraced and suck up the humours
 Of the dank morning ? What, is Brutus sick,
 And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
 To dare the vile contagion of the night,
 And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
 To add unto his sickness ? No, my Brutus ;
 You have some sick offence within your mind,
 Which by the right and virtue of my place
 I ought to know of : and, upon my knees, 270

246. *wafture*, wave. 249. *enkindled*, aroused. 266. *rheumy*,
 moist. 266. *unpurged*, air unpurged by the sun.

I charm you, by my once commended beauty,
By all your vows of love and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy, and what men to-night
Have had resort to you; for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Brutus. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Portia. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus

Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus, 280

Is it excepted I should know no secrets

That appertain to you? Am I yourself

But, as it were, in sort or limitation,

To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,

And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the

suburbs

Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,

Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Brutus. You are my true and honourable wife,

As dear to me as are the ruddy drops

That visit my sad heart.

Portia. If this were true, then should I know this secret.

I grant I am a woman, but withal

A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife:

I grant I am a woman, but withal

A woman well reputed, Cato's daughter.

Think you I am no stronger than my sex,

Being so father'd and so husbanded ?
 Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose 'em :
 I have made strong proof of my constancy,
 Giving myself a voluntary wound 300
 Here in the thigh : can I bear that with patience
 And not my husband's secrets ?

Brutus. O ye gods,
 Render me worthy of this noble wife !
 [Knocking within.]
 Hark, hark ! one knocks : Portia, go in a while ;
 And by and by thy bosom shall partake
 The secrets of my heart :
 All my engagements I will construe to thee,
 All the charactery of my sad brows.
 Leave me with haste. [Exit Portia.] Lucius,
 who's that knocks ?

Re-enter LUCIUS with LIGARIUS

Lucius. Here is a sick man that would speak with
 you. 310

Brutus. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.

Boy, stand aside. Caius Ligarius ! how ?

Ligarius. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Brutus. O, what a time have you chose out, brave
 Caius,

To wear a kerchief ! Would you were not sick !

Ligarius. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
 Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

307. *construe*, explain. 308. *charactery*, writing.

Brutus. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

Ligarius. By all the gods that Romans bow before, 320
I here discard my sickness ! Soul of Rome !
Brave son, derived from honourable loins !
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjured up
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible,
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do ?

Brutus. A piece of work that will make sick men whole.

Ligarius. But are not some whole that we must make
sick ?

Brutus. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going 330
To whom it must be done.

Ligarius. Set on your foot,
And with a heart new-fired I follow you,
To do I know not what : but it sufficeth
That Brutus leads me on.

Brutus. Follow me then. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Cæsar's house*

Thunder and lightning. Enter CÆSAR, in his night-gown

Cæsar. Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace to-
night :

Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out,
'Help, ho ! they murder Cæsar !' Who's within ?

324. *mortified, deadened.*

Enter a SERVANT

Servant. My lord?

Cæsar. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.

Servant. I will, my lord.

[*Exit.*]

Enter CALPURNIA

Calpurnia. What mean you, Cæsar? think you to walk forth?

You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Cæsar. Cæsar shall forth: the things that threaten'd me

10

Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

Calpurnia. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies, Yet now they fright me. There is one within, Besides the things that we have heard and seen, Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch. A lioness hath whelped in the streets; And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead; Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds, In ranks and squadrons and right form of war, 20 Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol; The noise of battle hurtled in the air, Horses did neigh and dying men did groan, And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets. O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use, And I do fear them.

5. *present*, immediate. 22. *hurtled*, clashed.

Cæsar.

What can be avoided

Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods ?

Yet Cæsar shall go forth ; for these predictions

Are to the world in general as to Cæsar.

Calpurnia. When beggars die, there are no comets
seen ;

The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of
princes.

Cæsar. Cowards die many times before their death ;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear ;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

Re-enter SERVANT

What say the augurers ?

Servant. They would not have you to stir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

Cæsar. The gods do this in shame of cowardice :
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not : danger knows full well
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he :
We are two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible :
And Cæsar shall go forth.

37. *augurers, soothsayers.*

Calpurnia.

Alas, my lord,

Your wisdom is consumed in confidence.

Do not go forth to-day : call it my fear

50

That keeps you in the house and not your own.

We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house,

And he shall say you are not well to-day :

Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæsar. Mark Antony shall say I am not well,

And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter DECIUS

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Decius. Cæsar, all hail ! good morrow, worthy Cæsar :

I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Cæsar. And you are come in very happy time, 60

To bear my greeting to the senators

And tell them that I will not come to-day :

Cannot, is false, and that I dare not, falser :

I will not come to-day : tell them so, Decius.

Calpurnia. Say he is sick.*Cæsar.* Shall Cæsar send a lie ?

Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,

To be afeard to tell greybeards the truth ?

Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.

Decius. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,

Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so. 70

Cæsar. The cause is in my will : I will not come ;

That is enough to satisfy the senate.

But, for your private satisfaction,

Because I love you, I will let you know.
Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at home :
She dreamt to-night she saw my statua,
Which like a fountain with an hundred spouts
Did run pure blood, and many lusty Romans
Came smiling and did bathe their hands in it :
And these does she apply for warnings, and portents
And evils imminent, and on her knee 81
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.

Decius. This dream is all amiss interpreted ;
It was a vision fair and fortunate :
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bathed,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood, and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics and cognizance.
This by Calpurnia's dream is signified. 90

Cæsar. And this way have you well expounded it.

Decius. I have, when you have heard what I can say :
And know it now : the senate have concluded
To give this day a crown to mighty Cæsar.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say
'Break up the senate till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.'
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper 100
'Lo, Cæsar is afraid' ?
Pardon me, Cæsar, for my dear dear love

To your proceeding bids me tell you this,
And reason to my love is liable.

Cæsar. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calpurnia !
I am ashamed I did yield to them.
Give me my robe, for I will go.

Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS, CASCA,
TREBONIUS, *and* CINNA

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.
Publius. Good morrow, Cæsar.

Cæsar. Welcome, Publius.

What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too ? 110
Good morrow, Casca. Caius Ligarius,
Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy
As that sameague which hath made you lean.
What is't o'clock ?

Brutus. Cæsar, 'tis strucken eight.

Cæsar. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter ANTONY

See ! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up. Good morrow, Antony.

Antony. So to most noble Cæsar.

Cæsar. Bid them prepare within :
I am to blame to be thus waited for.
Now, Cinna : now, Metellus : what, Trebonius ! 120
I have an hour's talk in store for you ;

103. *proceeding*, career. 104. *liable*, subject.

Remember that you call on me to-day :

Be near me, that I may remember you.

Trebonius. Cæsar, I will. [Aside] And so near will I be,
That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

Cæsar. Good friends, go in and taste some wine with me;
And we like friends will straightway go together.

Brutus. [Aside] That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon ! [Exeunt.

SCENE III. *A street near the Capitol*

Enter ARTEMIDORUS, reading a paper

Artemidorus. 'Cæsar, beware of Brutus ; take heed
of Cassius ; come not near Casca ; have an eye
to Cinna ; trust not Trebonius ; mark well
Metellus Cimber : Decius Brutus loves thee
not : thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There
is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent
against Cæsar. If thou beest not immortal, look
about you : security gives way to conspiracy.
The mighty gods defend thee !

Thy lover, ARTEMIDORUS.' 10

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.

My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.

If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou mayst live ;
If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive. [Exit.

SCENE IV. *Another part of the same street, before the house of BRUTUS*

Enter PORTIA and LUCIUS

Portia. I prithee, boy, run to the senate-house;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.
Why dost thou stay?

Lucius. To know my errand, madam.

Portia. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.
O constancy, be strong upon my side!
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!
Art thou here yet?

Lucius. Madam, what should I do? 10
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?

Portia. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look
well,
For he went sickly forth: and take good note
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy! what noise is that?

Lucius. I hear none, madam.

Portia. Prithee, listen well:
I heard a bustling rumour like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Lucius. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter the SOOTHSAYER

Portia. Come hither, fellow. Which way hast thou been?

Soothsayer. At mine own house, good lady.

Portia. What is't o'clock?

Soothsayer. About the ninth hour, lady.

Portia. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?

Soothsayer. Madam, not yet: I go to take my stand, To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Portia. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?

Soothsayer. That I have, lady: if it will please Cæsar To be so good to Cæsar as to hear me,

I shall beseech him to befriend himself. 30

Portia. Why, know'st thou any harm's intended towards him?

Soothsayer. None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance.

Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow: The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels, Of senators, of prætors, common suitors, Will crowd a feeble man almost to death: I'll get me to a place more void and there Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. [Exit.

Portia. I must go in. Ay me, how weak a thing

The heart of woman is! O Brutus, 40 The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise! Sure, the boy heard me. Brutus hath a suit That Cæsar will not grant. O, I grow faint.

Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;
 Say I am merry: come to me again,
 And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

[*Exeunt severally*

ACT III

SCENE I. *Rome. Before the Capitol; the Senate sitting above*

A crowd of people; among them ARTEMIDORUS and the SOOTHSAYER. Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and others

Cæsar. The ides of March are come.

Soothsayer. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.

Artemidorus. Hail, Cæsar! read this schedule.

Decius. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,

At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

Artemidorus. O Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit

That touches Cæsar nearer: read it, great Cæsar.

Cæsar. What touches us ourself shall be last served.

Artemidorus. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

Cæsar. What, is the fellow mad?

Publius. Sirrah, give place. *to*

Cassius. What, urge you your petitions in the street?

Come to the Capitol.

3. *schedule, paper written on.*

CÆSAR goes up to the Senate-house, the rest following
Popilius. I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.
Cassius. What enterprise, Popilius?

Popilius. Fare you well.

[*Advances to Cæsar.*

Brutus. What said Popilius Lena?

Cassius. He wish'd to-day our enterprise might thrive.
I fear our purpose is discovered.

Brutus. Look, how he makes to Cæsar: mark him.

Cassius. Casca,
Be sudden, for we fear prevention.
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known, 20
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.

Brutus. Cassius, be constant:

Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

Cassius. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you,
Brutus,

He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[*Exeunt Antony and Trebonius.*

Decius. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

Brutus. He is address'd: press near and second him.

Cinna. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand. 30

Cæsar. Are we all ready? What is now amiss
That Cæsar and his senate must redress?

28. *prefer his suit, present his request.*

Metellus. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar,

Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat

An humble heart:—

[*Kneeling.*]

Cæsar. I must prevent thee, Cimber.

These crouchings and these lowly courtesies

Might fire the blood of ordinary men,

And turn pre-ordinance and first decree

Into the law of children. Be not fond,

To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood

40

That will be thaw'd from the true quality

With that which melteth fools, I mean, sweet words,

Low-crooked court'sies and base spaniel-fawning.

Thy brother by decree is banished:

If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,

I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.

Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, nor without cause

Will he be satisfied.

Metellus. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,

To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear

50

For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

Brutus. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar,

Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may

Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæsar. What, Brutus!

Cassius. Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon:

As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,

38. *pre-ordinance*, what has been previously ordained. 39. *fond*, foolish.

To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Cæsar. I could be well moved, if I were as you;
 If I could pray to move, prayers would move me :
 But I am constant as the northern star, 60
 Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality
 There is no fellow in the firmament.
 The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks ;
 They are all fire and every one doth shine ;
 But there's but one in all doth hold his place :
 So in the world ; 'tis furnish'd well with men,
 And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive ;
 Yet in the number I do know but one
 That unassailable holds on his rank,
 Unshaked of motion : and that I am he, 70
 Let me a little show it, even in this ;
 That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
 And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cinna. O Cæsar,—

Cæsar. Hence ! wilt thou lift up Olympus ?

Decius. Great Cæsar,—

Cæsar. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel ?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me !

[Casca first, then the other Conspirators
 and Marcus Brutus stab Cæsar.]

Cæsar. Et tu, Brute ! Then fall, Cæsar ! [Dies.]

Cinna. Liberty ! freedom ! Tyranny is dead !

Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

67. apprehensive, gifted with intelligence. 70. unshaked, unshaken.

75. bootless, in vain.

Cassius. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out 80
 'Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!'

Brutus. People, and senators, be not affrighted;
 Fly not; stand still: ambition's debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Decius. And Cassius too.

Brutus. Where's Publius?

Cinna. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Metellus. Stand fast together, lest some friend of
 Cæsar's
 Should chance —

Brutus. Talk not of standing. Publius, good cheer;
 There is no harm intended to your person, 90
 Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.

Cassius. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people
 Rushing on us should do your age some mischief.

Brutus. Do so: and let no man abide this deed
 But we the doers.

Re-enter TREBONIUS

Cassius. Where is Antony?

Trebонius. Fled to his house amazed:
 Men, wives, and children stare, cry out and run,
 As it were doomsday.

Brutus. Fates, we will know your pleasures:
 That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,
 And drawing days out, that men stand upon. 100

Cassius. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life
 Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Brutus. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridged
His time of fearing death. Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place,
And waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry 'Peace, freedom, and liberty!' 110

Cassius. Stoop then, and wash. How many ages
hence

Shall this our lofty scene be acted over
In states unborn and accents yet unknown!

Brutus. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lies along
No worthier than the dust!

Cassius. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave their country liberty.

Decius. What, shall we forth?

Cassius. Ay, every man away;
Brutus shall lead, and we will grace his heels 120
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant

Brutus. Soft! who comes here? A friend of Antony's.

Servant. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;

Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;

Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving :
 Say I love Brutus and I honour him ;
 Say I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him and loved him.
 If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony 130
 May safely come to him and be resolved
 How Cæsar hath deserved to lie in death,
 Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
 So well as Brutus living, but will follow
 The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus
 Thorough the hazards of this untrod state
 With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

Brutus. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman ;
 I never thought him worse.

Tell him, so please him come unto this place, 140
 He shall be satisfied and, by my honour,
 Depart untouch'd.

Servant. I'll fetch him presently. [Exit.

Brutus. I know that we shall have him well to friend.

Cassius. I wish we may : but yet have I a mind
 That fears him much, and my misgiving still
 Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Re-enter ANTONY

Brutus. But here comes Antony. Welcome, Mark
 Antony.

Antony. O mighty Cæsar ! dost thou lie so low ?
 Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,

131. *resolved*, satisfied. 136. *untrod state*, new state of affairs.
 145. *still*, always. 146. *shrewdly*, close enough.

Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well. 150
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour, nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die: 160
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Brutus. O Antony, beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands and this our present act,
You see we do; yet see you but our hands
And this the bleeding business they have done:
Our hearts you see not; they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome— 170
As fire drives out fire, so pity pity—
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark
· Antony:
Our arms in strength of malice, and our hearts
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

160. *apt,* ready.

Cassius. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's
In the disposing of new dignities.

Brutus. Only be patient till we have appeased
The multitude, beside themselves with fear, 180
And then we will deliver you the cause
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

Antony. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand :
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you ;
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand ;
Now, Decius Brutus, yours ; now yours, Metellus ;
Yours, Cinna ; and, my valiant Casca, yours ;
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Tre-
bonius.

Gentlemen all, — alas, what shall I say ? 190
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward or a flatterer.

That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true :
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble ! in the presence of thy corse ?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds, 200
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better than to close
192. *conceit me*, think of me. 196. *dearer*, more intensely.

In terms of friendship with thine enemies.

Pardon me, Julius ! Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart ;

Here didst thou fall, and here thy hunters stand,
Sign'd in thy spoil and crimson'd in thy lethe.
O world, thou wast the forest to this hart ;—
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.
How like a deer strucken by many princes
Dost thou here lie !

210

Cassius. Mark Antony, —

Antony. Pardon me, Caius Cassius :
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this ;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cassius. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so ;
But what compact mean you to have with us ?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends,
Or shall we on, and not depend on you ?

Antony. Therefore I took your hands, but was indeed
Sway'd from the point by looking down on Cæsar.
Friends am I with you all and love you all, 220
Upon this hope that you shall give me reasons
Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.

Brutus. Or else were this a savage spectacle :
Our reasons are so full of good regard
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.

Antony. That's all I seek :

206. *lethe*, from Lethe, hence *oblivion*. 216. *prick'd*, marked down, written down. 224. *regard*, consideration.

And am moreover suitor that I may
 Produce his body to the market-place,
 And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
 Speak in the order of his funeral.

230

Brutus. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cassius. Brutus, a word with you.

[*Aside to Brutus*] You know not what you do : do not
 consent

That Antony speak in his funeral :
 Know you how much the people may be moved
 By that which he will utter ?

Brutus. By your pardon :
 I will myself into the pulpit first,
 And show the reason of our Cæsar's death :
 What Antony shall speak, I will protest
 He speaks by leave and by permission,
 And that we are contented Cæsar shall
 Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.
 It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

240

Cassius. I know not what may fall ; I like it not.

Brutus. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.
 You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
 But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar,
 And say you do't by our permission ;
 Else shall you not have any hand at all
 About his funeral : and you shall speak
 In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
 After my speech is ended.

250

Antony. Be it so ;

I do desire no more.

Brutus. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt all but Antony.*]

Antony. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers !
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood !
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—
Which like dumb mouths do ope their ruby lips 260
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue,—
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men ;
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy ;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use
And dreadful objects so familiar
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war ;
All pity choked with custom of fell deeds :
And Cæsar's spirit ranging for revenge, 270
With Ate by his side come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
Cry 'Havoc,' and let slip the dogs of war ;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not ?

Servant. I do, Mark Antony.

Antony. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

Servant. He did receive his letters, and is coming;

And bid me say to you by word of mouth — 280

O Cæsar ! [Seeing the body.]

Antony. Thy heart is big ; get thee apart and weep.

Passion, I see, is catching, for mine eyes,

Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,

Began to water. Is thy master coming ?

Servant. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

Antony. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanced :

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,

No Rome of safety for Octavius yet ;

Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet stay awhile ; 290

Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corse

Into the market-place : there shall I try,

In my oration, how the people take

The cruel issue of these bloody men ;

According to the which, thou shalt discourse

To young Octavius of the state of things.

Lend me your hand. [Exeunt with Cæsar's body.]

SCENE II. *The Forum*

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a throng of CITIZENS

Citizens. We will be satisfied ; let us be satisfied.

Brutus. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.

Cassius, go you into the other street,

286. *leagues*, English league = 3 statute miles. 294. *issue*, deed.

And part the numbers.

Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here ;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him ;
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death.

First Citizen. I will hear Brutus speak.

Second Citizen. I will hear Cassius ; and compare their
reasons,

When severally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit Cassius, with some of the Citi-
zens. Brutus goes into the pulpit.*

Third Citizen. The noble Brutus is ascended : silence !

Brutus. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers ! hear me for
my cause, and be silent, that you may hear :
believe me for mine honour, and have respect to
mine honour, that you may believe : censure me
in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you
may the better judge. If there be any in this
assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I
say that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than
his. If then that friend demand why Brutus
rose against Cæsar, this is my answer : not that
I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more.
Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all
slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all
freemen ? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him ;
as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it ; as he was
valiant, I honour him ; but as he was ambitious,

I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honour for his valour; and 30 death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

All. None, Brutus, none.

Brutus. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. 40 The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter ANTONY and others, with CÆSAR'S body

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart,—that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have 50 the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

All. Live, Brutus! live, live!

First Citizen. Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

Second Citizen. Give him a statue with his ancestors.

Third Citizen. Let him be Cæsar.

Fourth Citizen. Cæsar's better parts
Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

First Citizen. We'll bring him to his house
With shouts and clamours.

Brutus. My countrymen,—

Second Citizen. Peace! Silence! Brutus speaks.

First Citizen. Peace, ho!

Brutus. Good countrymen, let me depart alone, 60

And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:

Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories, which Mark Antony
By our permission is allow'd to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart,

Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [Exit.

First Citizen. Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

Third Citizen. Let him go up into the public chair;

We'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.

Antony. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you. 70
[Goes into the pulpit.

Fourth Citizen. What does he say of Brutus?

Third Citizen. He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholding to us all.

Fourth Citizen. 'Twere best he speak no harm of
Brutus here.

First Citizen. This Cæsar was a tyrant.

Third Citizen. Nay, that's certain:
72. beholding, behoden.

We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

Second Citizen. Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.

Antony. You gentle Romans,—

All. Peace, ho! let us hear him.

Antony. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do lives after them; 80

The good is oft interred with their bones;

So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:

If it were so, it was a grievous fault,

And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.

Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,—

For Brutus is an honourable man;

So are they all, all honourable men,—

Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me: 90

But Brutus says he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome,

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:

Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?

When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

You all did see that on the Lupercal 900

I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse : was this ambition ?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause :
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him ?
O judgement ! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me ; 110
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

First Citizen. Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

Second Citizen. If thou consider rightly of the matter, Cæsar has had great wrong.

Third Citizen. Has he, masters ?

I fear there will a worse come in his place.

Fourth Citizen. Mark'd ye his words ? He would not take the crown ;

Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

First Citizen. If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

Second Citizen. Poor soul ! his eyes are red as fire with weeping. 120

Third Citizen. There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

Fourth Citizen. Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

119. *abide*, suffer for.

Antony. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
 Have stood against the world : now lies he there,
 And none so poor to do him reverence.
 O masters, if I were disposed to stir
 Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
 I should do Brutus wrong and Cassius wrong,
 Who, you all know, are honourable men :
 I will not do them wrong ; I rather choose 130
 To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
 Than I will wrong such honourable men.
 But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar ;
 I found it in his closet ; 'tis his will :
 Let but the commons hear this testament —
 Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read —
 And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds
 And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,
 Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
 And, dying, mention it within their wills, 140
 Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
 Unto their issue.

Fourth Citizen. We'll hear the will : read it, *Mark Antony.*

All. The will, the will ! we will hear Cæsar's will.

Antony. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read
 it ;

It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.
 You are not wood, you are not stones, but men ;
 And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
 It will inflame you, it will make you mad :

'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs ; 150
For if you should, O, what would come of it !

Fourth Citizen. Read the will ; we'll hear it, Antony ;
You shall read us the will, Cæsar's will.

Antony. Will you be patient ? will you stay awhile ?

I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it :

I fear I wrong the honourable men

Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar ; I do fear it.

Fourth Citizen. They were traitors : honourable men !

All. The will ! the testament !

Second Citizen. They were villains, murderers : the
will ! read the will. 160

Antony. You will compel me then to read the will ?

Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,

And let me show you him that made the will.

Shall I descend ? and will you give me leave ?

All. Come down.

Second Citizen. Descend.

[*He comes down from the pulpit.*

Third Citizen. You shall have leave.

Fourth Citizen. A ring ; stand round.

First Citizen. Stand from the hearse, stand from the
body.

Second Citizen. Room for Antony, most noble Antony.

Antony. Nay, press not so upon me ; stand far off. 171

All. Stand back. Room ! Bear back.

Antony. If you have tears, prepare to shed them
now.

You all do know this mantle : I remember

The first time ever Cæsar put it on ;
 'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
 That day he overcame the Nervii :
 Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through :
 See what a rent the envious Casca made :
 Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd ; 180
 And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
 Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,
 As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
 If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no :
 For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel :
 Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him !
 This was the most unkindest cut of all ;
 For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
 Quite vanquish'd him : then burst his mighty heart ;
 And, in his mantle muffling up his face, 191
 Even at the base of Pompey's statua,
 Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
 O, what a fall was there, my countrymen !
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
 Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
 O, now you weep, and I perceive you feel
 The dint of pity : these are gracious drops.
 Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold
 Our Cæsar's vesture wounded ? Look you here, 200
 Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

First Citizen. O piteous spectacle !

198. *dint*, impression.

Second Citizen. O noble Cæsar !

Third Citizen. O woeful day !

Fourth Citizen. O traitors, villains !

First Citizen. O most bloody sight !

Second Citizen. We will be revenged.

All. Revenge ! About ! Seek ! Burn ! Fire ! Kill !

 Slay ! Let not a traitor live !

Antony. Stay, countrymen.

210

First Citizen. Peace there ! hear the noble Antony.

Second Citizen. We'll hear him, we'll follow him,
 we'll die with him.

Antony. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir
 you up

 To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

 They that have done this deed are honourable ;
 What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
 That made them do it : they are wise and honourable,
 And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

 I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts : 220

 I am no orator, as Brutus is ;

 But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
 That love my friend ; and that they know full well
 That gave me public leave to speak of him :
 For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
 Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
 To stir men's blood : I only speak right on ;
 I tell you that which you yourselves do know ;
 Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor poor dumb
 mouths,

And bid them speak for me : but were I Brutus, 230
 And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
 Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
 In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
 The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

All. We'll mutiny.

First Citizen. We'll burn the house of Brutus.

Third Citizen. Away, then ! come, seek the conspira-
 tors.

Antony. Yet hear me, countrymen ; yet hear me speak.

All. Peace, ho ! Hear Antony. Most noble Antony !

Antony. Why, friends, you go to do you know not
 what : 240

Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves ?

Alas, you know not ; I must tell you then :
 You have forgot the will I told you of.

All. Most true : the will ! Let's stay and hear the will.

Antony. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.

To every Roman citizen he gives,
 To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

Second Citizen. Most noble Cæsar ! we'll revenge his
 death.

Third Citizen. O royal Cæsar !

Antony. Hear me with patience. 250

All. Peace, ho !

Antony. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
 His private arbours and new-planted orchards,
 On this side Tiber ; he hath left them you,
 And to your heirs for ever ; common pleasures,

To walk abroad and recreate yourselves.

Here was a Cæsar ! when comes such another ?

First Citizen. Never, never. Come, away, away !

We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses. 260

Take up the body.

Second Citizen. Go fetch fire.

Third Citizen. Pluck down benches.

Fourth Citizen. Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt Citizens with the body.*]

Antony. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,

Take thou what course thou wilt.

Enter a Servant

How now, fellow !

Servant. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Antony. Where is he ?

Servant. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

Antony. And thither will I straight to visit him. 270

He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,

And in this mood will give us any thing.

Servant. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius

Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

Antony. Belike they had some notice of the people,

How I had moved them. Bring me to Octavius.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A street**Enter CINNA the poet*

Cinna. I dreamt to-night that I did feast with Cæsar,
 And things unluckily charge my fantasy :
 I have no will to wander forth of doors,
 Yet something leads me forth.

*Enter CITIZENS**First Citizen.* What is your name ?*Second Citizen.* Whither are you going ?*Third Citizen.* Where do you dwell ?*Fourth Citizen.* Are you a married man or a bachel-
 elor ?*Second Citizen.* Answer every man directly. 10*First Citizen.* Ay, and briefly.*Fourth Citizen.* Ay, and wisely.*Third Citizen.* Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cinna. What is my name ? Whither am I going ?
 Where do I dwell ? Am I a married man or
 a bachelor ? Then, to answer every man di-
 rectly and briefly, wisely and truly : wisely I
 say, I am a bachelor.

Second Citizen. That's as much as to say, they are
 fools that marry : you'll bear me a bang for that, 20
 I fear. Proceed ; directly.

Cinna. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.*First Citizen.* As a friend or an enemy ?

2. *charge*, weigh upon. 20. *bang*, blow.

Cinna. As a friend.

Second Citizen. That matter is answered directly.

Fourth Citizen. For your dwelling, briefly.

Cinna. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

Third Citizen. Your name, sir, truly.

Cinna. Truly, my name is Cinna.

First Citizen. Tear him to pieces; he's a conspirator. 30

Cinna. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

Fourth Citizen. Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

Cinna. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

Fourth Citizen. It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

Third Citizen. Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, 40
ho! fire-brands: to Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all: some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius': away, go! [Exeunt.

ACT IV

SCENE I. *A house in Rome*

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS, seated at a table

Antony. These many then shall die; their names are prick'd.

1. *prick'd*, marked down.

Octavius. Your brother too must die ; consent you, Lepidus ?

Lepidus. I do consent —

Octavius. Prick him down, Antony.

Lepidus. Upon condition Publius shall not live, Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

Antony. He shall not live ; look, with a spot I damn him.

But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house ;
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lepidus. What, shall I find you here ?

Octavius. Or here, or at the Capitol. [Exit *Lepidus*.]

Antony. This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands : is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it ?

Octavius. So you thought him,
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die
In our black sentence and proscription.

Antony. Octavius, I have seen more days than you :
And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business ;
Either led or driven, as we point the way ;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears

And graze in commons.

Octavius. You may do your will :

But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

Antony. So is my horse, Octavius, and for that

I do appoint him store of provender : 30

It is a creature that I teach to fight,

To wind, to stop, to run directly on,

His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.

And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so ;

He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth ;

A barren-spirited fellow ; one that feeds

On abjects, orts and imitations,

Which, out of use and staled by other men,

Begin his fashion : do not talk of him

But as a property. And now, Octavius, 40

Listen great things : — Brutus and Cassius

Are levying powers : we must straight make head :

Therefore let our alliance be combined,

Our best friends made, our means stretch'd ;

And let us presently go sit in council,

How covert matters may be best disclosed,

And open perils surest answered.

Octavius. Let us do so : for we are at the stake,

And bay'd about with many enemies ;

And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear, 50

Millions of mischiefs.

[*Exeunt.*]

37. *abjects*, things cast away. 37. *orts*, remnants. 38. *staled*, made common. 44. *stretch'd*, made the most of.

SCENE II. *Camp near Sardis. Before Brutus's tent*

*Drum. Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, and
Soldiers; TITINIUS and PINDARUS meet them*

Brutus. Stand, ho!

Lucilius. Give the word, ho! and stand.

Brutus. What now, Lucilius! is Cassius near?

Lucilius. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.

Brutus. He greets me well. Your master, Pindarus,
In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done undone: but if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

Pindarus. I do not doubt
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.

Brutus. He is not doubted. A word, Lucilius,
How he received you: let me be resolved.

Lucilius. With courtesy and with respect enough;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath used of old.

Brutus. Thou hast described
A hot friend cooling: ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith:

14. *resolved, satisfied.*

But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle ;
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on ?

Lucilius. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd ;

The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius. [Low march within.

Brutus. Hark ! he is arrived : 30
March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS and his powers

Cassius. Stand, ho !

Brutus. Stand, ho ! Speak the word along.

First Soldier. Stand !

Second Soldier. Stand !

Third Soldier. Stand !

Cassius. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

Brutus. Judge me, you gods ! wrong I mine enemies ?

And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother ?

Cassius. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides
wrongs ; 40

And when you do them —

Brutus. Cassius, be content ;

Speak your griefs softly : I do know you well.

Before the eyes of both our armies here,

Which shall perceive nothing but love from us,

23. *hot at hand*, when held in. 24. *mettle*, spirit.

Let us not wrangle : bid them move away ;
 Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
 And I will give you audience.

Cassius.

Pindarus,

Bid our commanders lead their charges off
 A little from this ground.

Brutus. Lucilius, do you the like, and let no man 50
 Come to our tent till we have done our conference.
 Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Brutus's tent*

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS

Cassius. That you have wrong'd me doth appear in
 this :

You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella
 For taking bribes here of the Sardians ;
 Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
 Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Brutus. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.
Cassius. In such a time as this it is not meet

That every nice offence should bear his comment.

Brutus. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
 Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm ; 10
 To sell and mart your offices for gold
 To undeservers.

Cassius. I an itching palm !
 You know that you are Brutus that speaks this,
 8. *nice*, trivial. 8. *comment*, criticism. 11. *mart*, barter.

Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Brutus. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cassius. Chastisement!

Brutus. Remember March, the ides of March remember:

Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake ?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice ? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honours
For so much trash as may be grasped thus ?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,

To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,

Older in practice, abler than yourself

To make conditions.

Brutus. Go to ; you are not, Cassius.

Cassius. I am.

Brutus. I say you are not.

Cassius. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;

Have mind upon your health, tempt me no farther.

Brutus. Away, slight man!

Cassius. Is't possible?

Brutus. Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler?

Shall I be frightened when a madman stares?

40

Cassius. O ye gods, ye gods ! must I endure all this ?

Brutus. All this ! ay, more : fret till your proud heart
break ;

Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cassius. Is it come to this? 50

Brutus. You say you are a better soldier:

Let it appear so ; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well : for mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cassius. You wrong me every way; you wrong me,

Brutus;

I said, an elder soldier, not a better:

Did I say 'better'?

Brutus. If you did, I care not.

Cassius. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.

Brutus. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.

39. *choler*, anger. 47. *spleen*, passion.

Cassius. I durst not !

60

Brutus. No.

Cassius. What, durst not tempt him !

Brutus. For your life you durst not.

Cassius. Do not presume too much upon my love ;

I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Brutus. You have done that you should be sorry for.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats ;

For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,

That they pass by me as the idle wind

Which I respect not. I did send to you

For certain sums of gold, which you denied me : 70

For I can raise no money by vile means :

By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,

And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring

From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash

By any indirection. I did send

To you for gold to pay my legions,

Which you denied me : was that done like Cassius ?

Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so ?

When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,

To lock such rascal counters from his friends,

80

Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts ;

Dash him to pieces !

Cassius. I denied you not.

Brutus. You did.

Cassius. I did not : he was but a fool that
brought

My answer back. Brutus hath rived my heart :

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Brutus. I do not, till you practise them on me.

Cassius. You love me not.

Brutus. I do not like your faults.

Cassius. A friendly eye could never see such faults. 90

Brutus. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.

Cassius. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world ;
Hated by one he loves ; braved by his brother ;
Check'd like a bondman ; all his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learn'd and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes ! There is my dagger, 100
And here my naked breast ; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold :
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth ;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart :
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar ; for I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him
better
Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

Brutus. Sheathe your dagger :
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope ;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb, 110

108. *scope*, full play. 109. *humour*, passing caprice.

That carries anger as the flint bears fire, 110
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark
And straight is cold again.

Cassius. Hath Cassius lived

To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him?

Brutus. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Cassius. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

Brutus. And my heart too.

Cassius. O Brutus!

Brutus. What's the matter?

Cassius. Have not you love enough to bear with me, 119
When that rash humour which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?

Brutus. Yes, Cassius, and from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

Poet. [Within] Let me go in to see the general;
There is some grudge between 'em; 'tis not meet
They be alone.

Lucilius. [Within] You shall not come to them.

Poet. [Within] Nothing but death shall stay me.

*Enter Poet, followed by LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, and
LUCIUS*

Cassius. How now! what's the matter?

Poet. For shame, you generals! what do you mean? 130
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;

For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.

Cassius. Ha, ha ! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme !

Brutus. Get you hence, sirrah ; saucy fellow, hence !

Cassius. Bear with him, Brutus ; 'tis his fashion.

Brutus. I'll know his humour when he knows his time :

What should the wars do with these jigging fools ?

Companion, hence !

Cassius. Away, away, be gone ! [Exit Poet.

Brutus. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders

Prepare to lodge their companies to-night. 140

Cassius. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you

Immediately to us. [Exeunt *Lucilius* and *Titinius*.

Brutus. Lucius, a bowl of wine ! [Exit *Lucius*.

Cassius. I did not think you could have been so angry.

Brutus. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

Cassius. Of your philosophy you make no use,

If you give place to accidental evils.

Brutus. No man bears sorrow better : Portia is dead.

Cassius. Ha ! Portia !

Brutus. She is dead.

Cassius. How 'scaped I killing when I cross'd you so ? 150

O insupportable and touching loss !

Upon what sickness ?

Brutus. Impatient of my absence,

And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony

133. *cynic*, rude man. 138. *Companion*, fellow.

Have made themselves so strong: for with her death
That tidings came: with this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

Cassius. And died so?

Brutus. Even so.

Cassius. O ye immortal gods!

Re-enter LUCIUS, with wine and taper

Brutus. Speak no more of her. Give me a bowl of wine.

In this I bury all unkindness, *Cassius.* [Drinks.

Cassius. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge. 160
Fill, *Lucius*, till the wine o'erswell the cup;

I cannot drink too much of *Brutus'* love. [Drinks.

Brutus. Come in, *Titinius!* [Exit *Lucius*.

Re-enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA

Welcome, good *Messala*.

Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.

Cassius. Portia, art thou gone?

Brutus. No more, I pray you.

Messala, I have here received letters,
That young *Octavius* and *Mark Antony*
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward *Philippi*. 170

Messala. Myself have letters of the self-same tenor.

Brutus. With what addition?

Messala. That by proscription and bills of outlawry
 Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
 Have put to death an hundred senators.

Brutus. Therein our letters do not well agree ;
 Mine speak of seventy senators that died
 By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

Cassius. Cicero one !

Messala. Cicero is dead,
 And by that order of proscription. 180
 Have you your letters from your wife, my lord ?

Brutus. No, Messala.

Messala. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her ?

Brutus. Nothing, Messala.

Messala. That, methinks, is strange.

Brutus. Why ask you ? hear you aught of her in yours ?

Messala. No, my lord.

Brutus. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

Messala. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell :
 For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Brutus. Why, farewell, Portia. We must die, Messala :
 With meditating that she must die once 191
 I have the patience to endure it now.

Messala. Even so great men great losses should endure.

Cassius. I have as much of this in art as you,
 But yet my nature could not bear it so.

Brutus. Well, to our work alive. What do you think
 Of marching to Philippi presently ?

Cassius. I do not think it good.

Brutus. Your reason ?

Cassius.

This it is :

'Tis better that the enemy seek us :
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers, 200
Doing himself offence ; whilst we lying still
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

Brutus. Good reasons must of force give place to
better.

The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground
Do stand but in a forced affection,
For they have grudged us contribution :
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new-added and encouraged ;
From which advantage shall we cut him off, 210
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.

Cassius. Hear me, good brother.

Brutus. Under your pardon. You must note beside
That we have tried the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe :
The enemy increaseth every day ;
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life 220
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat,
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

Cassius. Then, with your will, go on;

We'll along ourselves and meet them at Philippi.

Brutus. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,

And nature must obey necessity;

Which we will niggard with a little rest.

There is no more to say?

Cassius. No more. Good night:

Early to-morrow will we rise and hence.

230

Brutus. Lucius! [Re-enter *Lucius.*] My gown. [Exit

Lucius.] Farewell, good Messala:

Good night, Titinius: noble, noble Cassius,

Good night, and good repose.

Cassius. O my dear brother!

This was an ill beginning of the night:

Never come such division 'tween our souls!

Let it not, Brutus.

Brutus. Every thing is well.

Cassius. Good night, my lord.

Brutus. Good night, good brother.

Titinius, Messala. Good night, Lord Brutus.

Brutus. Farewell, every one.

[Exeunt all but *Brutus.*]

Re-enter Lucius, with the gown

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument? 239
Lucius. Here in the tent.

Brutus. What, thou speak'st drowsily?
Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-watch'd.
Call Claudius and some other of my men;

I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.
Lucius. Varro and Claudius!

Enter VARRO and CLAUDIUS

Varro. Calls my lord?

Brutus. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep;
It may be I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.

Varro. So please you, we will stand and watch your
pleasure.

Brutus. I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs; 250
It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.
Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so;
I put it in the pocket of my gown.

[Varro and Claudius lie down.]

Lucius. I was sure your lordship did not give it me.

Brutus. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

Lucius. Ay, my lord, an't please you.

Brutus. It does, my boy:
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Lucius. It is my duty, sir. 260

Brutus. I should not urge thy duty past thy might;
I know young bloods look for a time of rest.

Lucius. I have slept, my lord, already.

Brutus. It was well done; and thou shalt sleep again;
I will not hold thee long: if I do live,
I will be good to thee. *[Music, and a song.]*

This is a sleepy tune. O murderous slumber,
 Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
 That plays thee music? Gentle knave, good night;
 I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee: 270
 If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;
 I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.
 Let me see, let me see; is not the leaf turn'd down
 Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

[*Sits down.*

Enter the Ghost of CÆSAR

How ill this taper burns! Ha! who comes here?
 I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
 That shapes this monstrous apparition.
 It comes upon me. Art thou any thing?
 Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
 That makest my blood cold, and my hair to stare? 281
 Speak to me what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Brutus. Why comest thou?

Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Brutus. Well; then I shall see thee again?

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.

Brutus. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.

[*Exit Ghost.*

Now I have taken heart thou vanishest.
 Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.
 Boy, Lucius! Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake! 290
 Claudius!

280. *stare*, stand on end.

Lucius. The strings, my lord, are false.

Brutus. He thinks he still is at his instrument.

Lucius, awake!

Lucius. My lord?

Brutus. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst out?

Lucius. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Brutus. Yes, that thou didst: didst thou see any thing?

Lucius. Nothing, my lord.

Brutus. Sleep again, Lucius. Sirrah Claudius? 300

[To Varro.] Fellow thou, awake!

Varro. My lord?

Claudius. My lord?

Brutus. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?

Varro, Claudius. Did we, my lord?

Brutus. Ay: saw you any thing?

Varro. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Claudius. Nor I, my lord.

Brutus. Go and commend me to my brother Cassius;

Bid him set on his powers betimes before,

And we will follow.

Varro, Claudius. It shall be done, my lord. [Exeunt.

ACT V

SCENE I. *The plains of Philippi*

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their army

Octavius. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered:

You said the enemy would not come down,

But keep the hills and upper regions ;
 It proves not so : their battles are at hand ;
 They mean to warn us at Philippi here,
 Answering before we do demand of them.

Antony. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
 Wherefore they do it : they could be content
 To visit other places ; and come down
 With fearful bravery, thinking by this face 10
 To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage ;
 But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger

Messenger. Prepare you, generals :
 The enemy comes on in gallant show ;
 Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
 And something to be done immedately.

Antony. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
 Upon the left hand of the even field.

Octavius. Upon the right hand I ; keep thou the left.

Antony. Why do you cross me in this exigent ? 19

Octavius. I do not cross you ; but I will do so. [*March.*]

Drum. *Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their army ;*
LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, and others

Brutus. They stand, and would have parley.

Cassius. Stand fast, Titinius : we must out and talk.

Octavius. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle ?

4. *battles*, battalions. 5. *warn*, summon. 7. *bosoms*, confidence
 19. *exigent*, crisis.

Antony. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.

Make forth ; the generals would have some words.

Octavius. Stir not until the signal.

Brutus. Words before blows : is it so, countrymen ?

Octavius. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Brutus. Good words are better than bad strokes,
Octavius.

Antony. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good
words : 30

Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,

Crying 'Long live ! hail, Cæsar ! '

Cassius. Antony,

The posture of your blows are yet unknown ;

But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,

And leave them honeyless.

Antony. Not stingless too.

Brutus. O, yes, and soundless too ;

For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,

And very wisely threat before you sting.

Antony. Villains, you did not so, when your vile daggers

Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar : 40

You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like
hounds,

And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet ;

Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind

Struck Cæsar on the neck. O you flatterers !

Cassius. Flatterers ! Now, Brutus, thank yourself :

This tongue had not offended so to-day,

If Cassius might have ruled.

Octavius. Come, come, the cause : if arguing make us sweat,

The proof of it will turn to redder drops.

Look ;

50

I draw a sword against conspirators ;
When think you that the sword goes up again ?
Never, till Cæsar's three and thirty wounds
Be well avenged, or till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Brutus. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Octavius. So I hope :
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Brutus. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain, 59
Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable.

Cassius. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honour,
Join'd with a masker and a reveller !

Antony. Old Cassius still !

Octavius. Come, Antony ; away !
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth ;
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field :
If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt Octavius, Antony, and their army.*

Cassius. Why, now, blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark !

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Brutus. Ho, Lucilius ! hark, a word with you.

Lucilius. [Standing forth] My lord ?
[*Brutus and Lucilius converse apart.*

Cassius. Messala !

Messala. [Standing forth] What says my general ? 70

Cassius. Messala,

This is my birth-day ; as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala :
Be thou my witness that, against my will,
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.
You know that I held Epicurus strong,
And his opinion : now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign 80
Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands ;
Who to Philippi here consorted us :
This morning are they fled away and gone ;
And in their steads do ravens, crows, and kites
Fly o'er our heads and downward look on us.
As we were sickly prey : their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

Messala. Believe not so.

Cassius. I but believe it partly, 90
For I am fresh of spirit and resolved
To meet all perils very constantly.

Brutus. Even so, Lucilius.

Cassius. Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,
80. *former*, foremost. 83. *consorted*, escorted.

Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age !
 But, since the affairs of men rest still incertain,
 Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
 If we do lose this battle, then is this
 The very last time we shall speak together :
 What are you then determined to do ?

100

Brutus. Even by the rule of that philosophy
 By which I did blame Cato for the death
 Which he did give himself : I know not how,
 But I do find it cowardly and vile,
 For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
 The time of life : arming myself with patience
 To stay the providence of some high powers
 That govern us below.

Cassius. Then, if we lose this battle,
 You are contented to be led in triumph
 Thorough the streets of Rome ?

110

Brutus. No, Cassius, no : think not, thou noble Roman,
 That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome ;
 He bears too great a mind. But this same day
 Must end that work the ides of March begun ;
 And whether we shall meet again I know not.
 Therefore our everlasting farewell take.
 For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius !
 If we do meet again, why, we shall smile ;
 If not, why then this parting was well made.

Cassius. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus ! 120
 If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed ;
 96. *incertain*, uncertain. 105. *prevent*, anticipate.

If not, 'tis true this parting was well made.
Brutus. Why then, lead on. O, that a man might
know
The end of this day's business ere it come !
But it sufficeth that the day will end,
And then the end is known. Come, ho ! away !
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The field of battle*

Alarum. Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA

Brutus. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills
Unto the legions on the other side : [*Loud alarum.*
Let them set on at once ; for I perceive
But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala : let them all come down.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Another part of the field*

Alarums. Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS

Cassius. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly !
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy :
This ensign here of mine was turning back ;
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

Titinius. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early ;
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,

Scene II. 1. *bills, written orders.*

Took it too eagerly : his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclosed.

Enter PINDARUS

Pindarus. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off ;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord : 10
Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

Cassius. This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius ;
Are those my tents where I perceive the fire ?

Titinius. They are, my lord.

Cassius. Titinius, if thou lovest me,
Mount thou my horse and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops
And here again ; that I may rest assured
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.

Titinius. I will be here again, even with a thought.

[*Exit.*

Cassius. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill ; 20
My sight was ever thick ; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou notest about the field.

[*Pindarus ascends the hill.*

This day I breathed first : time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end ;
My life is run his compass. Sirrah, what news ?

Pindarus. [Above] O my lord !

Cassius. What news ?

Pindarus. [Above] Titinius is enclosed round about
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur ;
Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him. 30

Now, Titinius ! Now some light. O, he lights too.
He's ta'en. [Shout.] And, hark ! they shout for
joy.

Cassius. Come down ; behold no more.

O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face !

PINDARUS *descends*

Come hither, sirrah :
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner ;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine
oath ;

Now be a freeman ; and with this good sword,
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer : here, take thou the hilts ;
And when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword. [Pindarus stabs him.] Cæsar,
thou art revenged,

Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [Dies.]

Pindarus. So, I am free ; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius !
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him. [Exit.]

Re-enter TITINIUS with MESSALA

Messala. It is but change, Titinius ; for Octavius 51
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Titinius. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Messala. Where did you leave him?

Titinius. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

Messala. Is not that he that lies upon the ground?

Titinius. He lies not like the living. O my heart!

Messala. Is not that he?

Titinius. No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more. O setting sun, 60
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to-night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set,
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews and dangers come; our deeds are
done!

Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Messala. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
O hateful error, melancholy's child,
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O error, soon conceived,
Thou never comest unto a happy birth, 70
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee!

Titinius. What, Pindarus! where art thou, Pindarus?

Messala. Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears: I may say 'thrusting' it,
For piercing steel and darts envenomed
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus
As tidings of this sight.

68. *apt*, impressionable. 71. *engender'd*, gave birth to.

Titinius. Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while.

[*Exit Messala.*]

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius ? 80
Did I not meet thy friends ? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give it thee ? Didst thou not hear their
shouts ?

Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing !

But, hold thee, take this garland on thy brow ;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding. Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.

By your leave, gods : this is a Roman's part :
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart. 90

[*Kills himself.*]

Alarum. Re-enter MESSALA, with BRUTUS, young CATO,
and others

Brutus. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie ?

Messala. Lo, yonder, and Titinius mourning it.

Brutus. Titinius' face is upward.

Cato. He is slain.

Brutus. O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet !

Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails. [Low alarums.]

Cato. Brave Titinius !

Look, whether he have not crown'd dead Cassius !

Brutus. Are yet two Romans living such as these ?

The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!

It is impossible that ever Rome

100

Should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe moe tears
To this dead man than you shall see me pay.

I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.

Come therefore, and to Thasos send his body:

His funerals shall not be in our camp,

Lest it discomfort us. Lucilius, come,

And come, young Cato: let us to the field.

Labeo and Flavius, set our battles on.

'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night

109

We shall try fortune in a second fight. [Exit.

SCENE IV. *Another part of the field*

*Alarum. Enter, fighting, Soldiers of both armies; then
BRUTUS, young CATO, LUCILIUS, and others*

Brutus. Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads!

Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?

I will proclaim my name about the field.

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

Brutus. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;

Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus!

[Exit.

Lucilius. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?

Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius, 10
And mayst be honour'd, being Cato's son.

First Soldier. Yield, or thou diest.

Lucilius. Only I yield to die :
[Offering money] There is so much that thou wilt
kill me straight ;

Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

First Soldier. We must not. A noble prisoner !

Second Soldier. Room, ho ! Tell Antony, Brutus is
ta'en.

First Soldier. I'll tell the news. Here comes the
general.

Enter ANTONY

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

Antony. Where is he ?

Lucilius. Safe, Antony ; Brutus is safe enough : 20
I dare assure thee that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus :
The gods defend him from so great a shame !
When you do find him, or alive or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Antony. This is not Brutus, friend, but, I assure you,
A prize no less in worth : keep this man safe,
Give him all kindness : I had rather have
Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,
And see whether Brutus be alive or dead, 30
And bring us word unto Octavius' tent
How every thing is chanced.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Another part of the field*

Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, and VOLUMNIUS

Brutus. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

Clitus. Statilius show'd the torch-light, but, my lord,
He came not back: he is or ta'en or slain.

Brutus. Sit thee down, Clitus: slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.

[*Whispering.*]

Clitus. What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

Brutus. Peace then, no words.

Clitus. I'll rather kill myself.

Brutus. Hark thee, Dardanius. [*Whispering.*]

Dardanius. Shall I do such a deed?

Clitus. O Dardanius!

Dardanius. O Clitus!

10

Clitus. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

Dardanius. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

Clitus. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.

Brutus. Come hither, good Volumnius; list a word.

Volumnius. What says my lord?

Brutus. Why this, Volumnius:
The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night; at Sardis once,

And this last night here in Philippi fields ;
I know my hour is come.

Volumnius. Not so, my lord. 20

Brutus. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.

Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes ;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit : [*Low alarums.*
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st that we two went to school together :
Even for that our love of old, I prithee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.

Volumnius. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.

[*Alarum still.*

Clitus. Fly, fly, my lord ; there is no tarrying here. 30

Brutus. Farewell to you ; and you ; and you, Volumnius.

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep ;
Farewell to thee too, Strato. Countrymen,
My heart doth joy that yet in all my life
I found no man but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day,
More than Octavius and Mark Antony
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
So, fare you well at once ; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history : 40
Night hangs upon mine eyes ; my bones would
rest,
That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

[*Alarum. Cry within, ' Fly, fly, fly ! '*

Clitus. Fly, my lord, fly.

Brutus.

Hence ! I will follow.

[*Exeunt Clitus, Dardanius, and Volumnius.*]

I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord :
Thou art a fellow of a good respect ;
Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it :
Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato ?

Strato. Give me your hand first : fare you well, my lord.

Brutus. Farewell, good Strato. [Runs on his sword.]

Cæsar, now be still : 50
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will. [Dies.]

Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA, LUCILIUS, and the army

Octavius. What man is that ?

Messala. My master's man. Strato, where is thy master ?

Strato. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala :
The conquerors can but make a fire of him ;
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honour by his death.

Lucilius. So Brutus should be found. I thank thee, Brutus,

That thou hast proved Lucilius' saying true.

Octavius. All that served Brutus, I will entertain them. 60

Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me ?

46. smatch, taste. 61. bestow, spend.

Strato. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

Octavius. Do so, good Messala.

Messala. How died my master, Strato?

Strato. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

Messala. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,

That did the latest service to my master.

Antony. This was the noblest Roman of them all:

All the conspirators, save only he,

Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar; 70

He only, in a general honest thought

And common good to all, made one of them.

His life was gentle, and the elements

So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up

And say to all the world 'This was a man!'

Octavius. According to his virtue let us use him,

With all respect and rites of burial.

Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,

Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.

So call the field to rest, and let's away, 80

To part the glories of this happy day.

[*Exeunt.*

81. *part, divide.*



NOTES

ACT I. SCENE I

The play of *Julius Cæsar* covers, in point of time, the period between October, 45 B.C., when Cæsar celebrated his last triumph, and the battle of Philippi, which took place in 42 B.C. Shakespeare combines the triumph in October with the feast of Lupercal in the following February. The play consumes in action six or seven days.

In the first act the conspiracy against Cæsar is disclosed, and the chief actors in the tragedy are introduced in characteristic speeches or actions. Cæsar is shown, not only as dictator clothed with supreme authority, but as superstitious and vacillating, with senses impaired by approaching age. Cassius reveals at once the jealousy which Cæsar's success had engendered in the minds of the men who had once been his equals in the Roman state, and Brutus the fear for the freedom of Rome which Cæsarianism bred in Romans who loved liberty and the old political order. The antagonism of both groups is intensified by the offer of the crown to Cæsar with the approval of the populace. In the second act the conspiracy is thoroughly organized by the accession of Brutus, and a plan of action is agreed upon. The collision of ideas and persons which are the elements of the tragedy is clearly revealed and the action set in motion. In the third act Cæsar falls by the hands of the conspirators, and the two opposing forces which meet in conflict appear, and the later and broader movement of the tragedy begins. Antony, who loves Cæsar and understands to a certain extent the new order of things which Cæsar has brought about and the new demo-

cratic force which he discerned, used for his own ends, and has come to personify, rouses the people to mutiny and turns them against the conspirators, who are defeated in their first encounter with Cæsarianism and forced to fly from the city and organize armies to protect themselves. In the fourth act war breaks out between the two parties who contend for supremacy in Roman affairs; Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus make common cause against the conspirators and act together: while Brutus and Cassius pursue different courses, quarrel, are reconciled, and, against the judgement of Brutus, a decisive battle is fought. In the fifth and final act the failure of Brutus and Cassius to co-operate results in the defeat of their armies, the suicide of the leaders, and the triumph, not only of Antony and Octavius, but of the spirit of Cæsar, whose ghost appears to Brutus the night before the battle.

A German critic has said of the plays of Shakespeare which deal with the English kings that England is the real hero of them; and an English critic has declared that the hero of the three Roman plays is Rome. In *Julius Cæsar*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, and *Coriolanus* three important stages in the movement of political and social affairs in the empire are distinctly outlined and the great force which dominated them brought into clear light. But while this is especially true of *Julius Cæsar*, the play is pre-eminently a character play, and the forces for change at work in society are personified in men of striking personal energy and character. Cæsar appears first in the second scene of the first act, reappears in only three scenes, and is assassinated in the first scene of the third act in the very middle of the play. With his fall the action of the play may be said to begin. In each appearance of Cæsar some evidence of weakness is brought out: deafness, swooning, lack of physical strength, vacillation of purpose, superstition, theatrical posing, accessibility to flattery, pomposity; and yet Cæsar remains the central and dominating figure in the play, and his personality becomes more potential as the play nears its end! Cæsar is one of the foremost men in history by reason of extraordinary natural

endowments : force of will, breadth of mind, civil and military genius, the capacity for thought, and the power to act. Like Napoleon, he understood his age and knew how to make use of events and conditions to carry him to the foremost place in Rome and enable him to take the power of the state into his own hands. Rome had outgrown her earlier institutions. They had worked well when the city was the head of a small group of neighbouring communities, but they were ill adapted to the needs of a state which had become, or was fast becoming, the mistress of the world. The time was ripe for change ; and Cæsar saw, what none of his older contemporaries saw, that the old order was outgrown. Rome had really ceased to be a republic and become an empire, and he made himself emperor. His name, reproduced in Tsar and Kaiser, has become the synonym of supreme personal authority in the state. Antony and Octavius saw this with some clearness; but none of the conspirators understood it. Brutus and Cassius thought that by killing Cæsar they should kill the absolutism for which he stood, and did not see until later that, while they could destroy Cæsar's body, they could not touch Cæsar's spirit. Cæsar died, but Cæsarianism lived on for generations. It is probable that Shakespeare brought the increasing infirmities of Cæsar's old age into prominence in order that his tremendous grasp of his time, his discernment of its needs, and his identification of himself with its conditions might be the more dramatically indicated on the stage. The idea of government for which Cæsar stood, the imperial spirit of the great ruler, confronted the conspirators and finally defeated them at Philippi. Cassius dies with this acknowledgment on his lips :

"Cæsar, thou art revenged,
Even with the sword that killed thee."

8. What dost thou with thy best apparel on? In the Middle Ages, and to some extent in antiquity, each occupation and rank had its peculiar dress, so that a man's place and calling in society were shown by the clothes he wore. This ancient custom survives in

England in the dress of certain officers of the government, in the gorgeous robes of state worn on great occasions, in the wigs and gowns of the speaker of the House of Commons, the Lord Chancellor, the judges, the robes or gowns of the archbishops and bishops, and the members of the universities. Before Shakespeare's time mechanics and tradesmen were regarded by the law as persons of low rank, and compelled to wear the dress of their occupation. There may have been such a law in force in Rome, or Shakespeare may have carried an English custom into another country, as he often did.

28. Shakespeare, after the fashion of his time, was much given to punning. This shoemaker was a humorist, although the Tribune seems to have taken the joking seriously.

38. When Roman generals returned from successful campaigns, they were received with great ceremony, and the conquered princes or chiefs who had been made tributaries of Rome were led through the streets of the city in the triumphal procession. Cæsar's last war was waged in Spain against the sons of Pompey, and Romans resented the triumph on his return to Rome "because he had not overcome captains that were strangers, nor barbarous kings, but had destroyed the sons of the noblest man in Rome."

50. The river which flowed through Rome was so much a part of the city that the Romans spoke of it as a person; in Shakespeare's time there was no fixed rule about the gender of rivers.

69. Images of Cæsar had been set up in Rome, and on this occasion were decorated probably with wreaths of laurel, with a diadem tied in the laurel by ribbons. Casca calls them "scarfs."

72. The Feast of Lupercal was a festival in honour of Lupercus, the Italian wolf-god. It was celebrated in February, and on the festal day, called *dies februatus* (from *februare*, to purify), the Luperci, or priests, smote with a leather thong those they met, as a token of purification.

75. *The vulgar* refers to the plebeians, or people of the lowest rank in Rome.

ACT I. SCENE II

17. The Ides fell on the 15th day in March, May, July, and October; in other months they fell on the 13th. The significance of the Ides seems to have been simply that they marked the middle of the month, and made a natural date for business transactions. The feast of Lupercal fell in the month of February, but Shakespeare moves the day forward a month; for North's translation reads: "there was a certain soothsayer that had given warning long time afore, to take heed of the Ides of March, for on that day he would be in great danger."

25. The word "sennet," in the stage directions, refers to the notes played on a musical instrument announcing the approach of royal or semi-royal personages.

40. Feelings at variance with each other.

72. Rowe changed the word "laughter" to "laugher," which is perpetuated in the modern text and spoils the meaning. Cassius means "were I an object of laughter, as a man like Antony is."

109. *hearts of controversy*, courageous spirit.

112. *Aeneas* is the hero of Virgil's *Aeneid*. He was one of the most valiant defenders of Troy against the Greeks. According to Virgil, after many adventures, he settled in Italy and married Lavinia, daughter of King Latinus. The origin of the Roman state is ascribed by tradition to him and his heirs.

136. The Colossus was one of the seven wonders of the world. It was a brazen statue of Apollo, executed by Chares of Lindus, and completed in 280 B.C. The statement that one foot rested on each side of the harbour is not sustained by good authority. The statue was 105 feet high, and was ascended by a winding staircase. It was overthrown by an earthquake about 224 B.C. and never re-erected.

140. There was a general belief that the stars in ascendency at the hour of birth greatly influenced the fortunes of after life.

152. The flood referred to was that in which Deucalion and Pyrrha saved themselves, as did Noah, by building a boat which finally rested on Mount Parnassus. The story is told by Hesiod and also by Ovid.

159. The famous ancestor of Brutus, Junius Brutus, who defeated the designs of the Tarquins to make themselves kings in Rome.

257. Epilepsy.

267. An instance of the "ethical dative," the *me* shows "a certain interest felt by the person indicated."

282. Plutarch describes Cicero as a coward and not to be trusted by the conspirators, although they believed he dreaded Cæsar's growing power. The words "he spoke Greek" suggest that in his very cautious way he was expressing agreement with them.

313. Even the nobility of Brutus might be influenced by men less virtuous and firm.

ACT I. SCENE III

10 and 15. Compare North's Plutarch, *Life of Cæsar*: "Touching the fires in the element, and spirits running up and down in the night, and also the solitary birds to be seen at noon days sitting in the great market-place, are not all these signs perhaps worth the noting in such a wonderful chance as happened? But Strabo the Philosopher writeth, that divers men were seen going up and down in fire; and furthermore, that there was a slave of the soldiers that did cast a marvellous burning flame out of his hand, insomuch as they that saw it thought he had been burnt: when the fire was out, it was found he had no hurt."

26. The owl— always an omen of evil.

49. The *thunder-stone* is explained by Craik to be "the imaginary product of thunder, which the ancients called 'Brontia,' mentioned by Pliny as a species of gem, and as that which falling

with the lightning, does the mischief. It is the fossil commonly called the 'Belemnite' or 'finger-stone.' It is now known to be a kind of fossil cuttle-fish.

126. *Pompey's porch* was the large portico of Pompey's theatre. Plutarch makes the meeting of the senate and Cæsar's assassination take place here.

143. In ancient Rome "Prætor" was the title of several high officials. The Prætor was the third officer in rank in the state, inferior to the consuls only. He was first chosen in 366 B.C. Consuls themselves, when at the head of armies, were called Prætors. In later times the number of the Prætors was greatly increased and some were assigned to the provinces. Prætors were, in fact, judges of civil and criminal law.

147. The image of Junius Brutus, who expelled the Tarquins from Rome.

152. *Pompey's theatre* was a famous theatre and popular resort, situated in that part of Rome now known as the Campo di Fiore.

ACT II. SCENE I

Brutus is one of the noblest of Shakespeare's men; there is no taint of self-seeking, falsehood, or cowardice in him; he is the embodiment of every kind of integrity. But he is a man predestined to failure because, while his spirit is of the purest and his aims of the highest, he lacks a keen sense of realities and sound judgement in dealing with events. To carry out great plans a man must not only have the mind which conceives them, but the faculty of seeing what can be done and how to do it. Brutus was the descendant of one of the noblest of the Romans and had been deeply impressed by the tradition of his ancestor's great service to the people; he was a lover and student of books, and philosophy was to him not so much a system of thought as a plan of living to be faithfully worked out at any cost. He loved the great traditions of Rome and was ready to die for his idea of Roman citizenship;

but he did not know the Rome of his day and did not understand the changes which had taken place in the relation of Rome to the world. He confused ideals with realities and did not see things as they were. He was a noble but not an effective man; an idealist who lacked clear knowledge of his fellows and his time. Shakespeare represents him as a pure-minded and disinterested man, who commits an act of violence without passion and in the spirit of a divinely commissioned executioner of judgement on a great criminal; a man predestined to failure because he cannot calculate the strength of the forces which he opposes; but a man who makes failure an occasion for winning the noblest moral success. He keeps his integrity unspotted to the end, and his enemies are quick to recognize him, when he lies dead on the field, as "the noblest Roman of them all."

"All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He only, in a general honest thought
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, 'This was a man!'"

1. A common form of speech for summoning a servant or retainer.

19. *remorse*. This word in Shakespeare usually signifies "pity," but here it means "conscience."

40. *Ides of March* = the 15th of March.

44. Electrical balls, called St. Elmo's Fire.

53. Lucius Junius Brutus headed a revolt and drove the Tarquins from Rome. For this service "the ancient Romans made his statue of brass to be set up in the capitol."

66. The *Genius* was the spirit temporarily inhabiting the body, and directing for good or bad the bodily faculties.

84. *Erebus* was the region of utter darkness between Earth and Hades.

114. Plutarch says that they took no oaths and gave no pledges of secrecy.

119. Men were sometimes singled out for sentence by drawing lots, in cases in which, as in a mutiny, a whole company was implicated.

150. Expressing the widely held opinion that Cicero was a coward and a "trimmer."

162. The conspirators, with the single exception of Brutus, wanted to kill Antony because they thought him unscrupulous, insincere, and ambitious.

204. Refers to various devices for entrapping wild animals, as decoy-ducks are used to-day.

295. Cato was one of the most eminent men of the aristocratic party in Rome, and after the battle of Thapsus he took his own life rather than accept mercy from Cæsar. His name stood for honour and stern integrity.

300. To satisfy herself of her powers of endurance Portia had taken "a little razor, such as barbers occupy to pare men's nails, and causing her maids and women to go out of her chamber, gave herself a great gash withal in her thigh, that she was straight all of a gore bloud: and incontinently after, a vehement feaver took her, by reason of the pain of her wound. Then . . . even in her greatest pain of all, she spake." (North.)

315. *wear a kerchief!* An Elizabethan custom in sickness.

323. An *exorcist* is one who raises spirits.

ACT II. SCENE II

39. Any thing unusual or abnormal in a sacrifice was regarded as an omen of ill.

89. *Tinctures* were memorial blood-stains, and the word refers to the practice of persons dipping their handkerchiefs in the blood of those whom they regarded as martyrs. *Cognisances* were badges of honour.

ACT II. SCENE III

"One Artemidorus also born in the Isle of Gnidos, a doctor of rhetoric in the Greek tongue, who by means of his profession was very familiar with certain of Brutus's confederates, and therefore knew the most part of all their practices against Cæsar, came and brought him a little bill written with his own hand, of all that he meant to tell him." (North.)

ACT III. SCENE I

Antony's nature and character are in striking contrast to those of Brutus and Cassius. He was capable of great and sincere devotion, as his affection for Cæsar shows; but he was incapable of self-denial and self-sacrifice. He could be resolute, bold, resourceful; but lacked self-control and steadfastness of purpose. He could make great sacrifices to his passions, but not to his principles; for Cleopatra he "threw a world away." He had an inventive and daring mind; he was brilliant in conception and swift in execution; his imagination was fervid and gave a certain splendour to his personality and career, but it coloured his judgement; he had a sensitive and brilliant temperament and a rare faculty of making men serve and women love him; but his strength lay in his gifts of nature, not in his force of character; and he was predestined to failure because he sacrificed his duties and his opportunities to his passions. He was the victim, not the master of conditions; the servant, not the ruler of his impulses; and, in partnership with a cool, calculating, clear-minded man like Octavius, he was overmatched at every point. He was not lacking in feeling, in artistic sense, in vividness of imagination, in quick perception of dramatic values, and in swift adaptability. He coolly offers to die as the price of his loyalty to Cæsar; but he is quick to feel the pulse of Rome, and his treatment of the perilous situa-

tion which confronted him when the death of Cæsar seemed to put Rome into the hands of the conspirators is masterly in its clear perception of the popular temper and its adroit appeal to popular feeling. There is no more superb example of the finest quality of demagogism than the speech over Cæsar's body; it is a masterpiece of that kind of oratory which follows with the quickness of genius the moods of an audience and plays upon it as if it were an instrument in the hand of a performer. Sooner or later, in the testing of events, a brilliant temperament without adequate moral basis degenerates into a kind of tawdry gaiety, and courage sinks into braggadocio. In spite of his rich humour, Falstaff becomes a vulgar old man, and the audacious and resourceful Antony of the campaign which ended victoriously at Philippi becomes the vacillating and ineffective Antony who plays the coward at the battle of Actium.

28. *Prefer his suit*, present his request.

74. *Olympus*, a mountain which formed part of the chain which constituted the boundary of ancient Greece. In Greek mythology, Olympus was the chief seat of the third dynasty of gods, of which Jupiter was the head.

77. The phrase "et tu, Brute!" was well known in Shakespeare's time, having been used in other plays. In North's translation of Plutarch, Cæsar is twice described as crying out "in Latin."

80. Small platforms, or rostra, were set up in the Forum for the use of orators.

94. Let no man suffer for this deed but we who committed it.

174. Malice toward Cæsar, good will toward Antony.

178. An offer to share with Antony the offices and places of power.

191. Antony's position is so difficult that either course opens him to criticism.

271. *Ate* was the goddess of revenge.

273. "Havoc" was the word used in early times, when no quarter was to be given to an enemy.

ACT III. SCENE II

43. *enforced, exaggerated.*

177. The *Nervii* were a fierce Belgic tribe who fought so well that Cæsar, to save his army from defeat, took his shield on his arm, ran into their ranks, and made a lane through them. His soldiers, seeing his danger, rushed after him, broke the ranks of the *Nervii*, and turned a defeat into a victory. This battle, won in the year 57 B.C., was one of Cæsar's greatest triumphs, and was celebrated with unusual pomp and festivity in Rome. See the account in Cæsar's *Gallic War*, Book ii, chapter xxv.

247. A *drachma* was a Greek coin, strictly about half of the Roman denarius; but Plutarch's drachmas were probably equivalent to denarii, and were about nineteen or twenty cents in value.

259. On a funeral pyre, a structure of several stories, the lower filled with combustible materials; often ornamented with statues, festoons, gold, and ivory.

ACT III. SCENE III

Cinna was a Roman poet. He wrote an epic poem called *Smyrna*, of which only a few lines are extant. He was killed in 44 B.C. by a mob of Cæsar's adherents, who mistook him for another Cinna, an accomplice of Brutus.

ACT IV. SCENE I

Cassius, whom Cæsar instinctively distrusts because he has a "lean and hungry look," has none of Brutus's elevation of nature, although he does not lack firmness, courage, and devotion to the cause he has at heart. He is not above some of the smaller passions, for he envies Cæsar's prosperity and hates him because he overshadows all lesser men in the state. He has a keener observa-

tion than Brutus, and is far less an idealist in spirit and aims. He is not above keeping for his own uses the money which is needed for the common enterprise. Quick of temper and passionate, he breaks out in fierce reproaches when Brutus upbraids him for this offence. But he is loyal at heart, and when he hears that Portia is dead, his anger instantly turns to sympathy. There are few scenes in Shakespeare more effective or more touching in pure pathos than the quarrel scene with Brutus. The fact that Brutus loves him is sufficient proof of Cassius's possession of sterling qualities of character. His faults spring from narrowness rather than from lack of character. There was a vein of egotism in him which made him willing to strike Cæsar as his personal enemy rather than the enemy of the state, and more ready to resent the criticism of Brutus than to ask if it was deserved.

Many things had happened between the third and fourth acts. Antony paid little regard to Octavius at first, but when he discovered that Octavius had many friends in the Senate, changed his attitude and made a kind of alliance with him. Octavius made advances to Cicero, whose influence was very considerable. Antony was driven out of Italy, joined Lepidus, and made himself popular with Lepidus's army. When Octavius found that Cicero was bent on restoring the control of the Senate in Rome, he broke off his relations with him and made an alliance with Lepidus and Antony.

9. Antony was anxious to keep the large sums of money which had come into his possession, and Octavius, as Cæsar's heir, was of the same mind.

27. This alludes to the English custom of villages holding land in common, or joint, ownership, and using it for pasture.

ACT IV. SCENE II

16. Not with such courtesy as he had formerly received Lucilius.
26. *Jade* was a term of contempt for a worthless horse.

ACT IV. SCENE III

10. Cassius had collected a large sum of money by forced levies on the people, and Brutus was anxious to use some of it to replace the large amount he had spent on ships in order to command the sea. This request Cassius had slighted.

71. Brutus cannot take money by force from the poor peasants.

80. *Counters* were round pieces of metal used in calculations. They were without value.

102. *Plutus*, the god of the lower world, and therefore of riches.

137. Writers of ballads which were sung, hence called jigs.

147. One of the most impressive passages in Shakespeare, by reason of its brevity and its tremendous significance in the life of Brutus.

156. Determining to kill herself, Portia "took hot burning coals, and cast them into her mouth, and kept her mouth so close that she choked herself."

180. Octavius and Antony had condemned two hundred prominent Romans, including Cicero, to death.

252. Brutus ate little, slept little, and worked incessantly. At night, after making his plans and preparing his dispatches, he was in the habit of reading some book which he kept at hand.

270. Showing Brutus's great consideration for others.

ACT V. SCENE I

21. Talk either among themselves or conference with their enemies.

34. *Hybla*, a town of Sicily famous for its honey.

53. Cæsar is said to have been wounded thirty-three times.

77. *Epicurus* was a Greek philosopher, founder of the Epicurean School. He was born in the island of Samos in 337 B.C. About 306 he went to Athens, where he purchased a garden and

founded a celebrated school of philosophy. He was very popular as a teacher and had many pupils. He taught that pleasure was the chief good. He opposed popular superstition and refused to recognize the gods of Greek mythology, maintaining that the gods give no attention to earthly affairs, which they consider beneath their notice. Epicurus died in 270 B.C.

ACT V. SCENE III

37. *Parthia*, ancient territory of western Asia, situated southeast of Caspian Sea, corresponded nearly to the modern Persian province of Khorassan.

ACT V. SCENE V

68. Antony declared that of all the conspirators Brutus was the only one who slew Cæsar because he thought the act itself commendable; the others had some personal malice or grievance.

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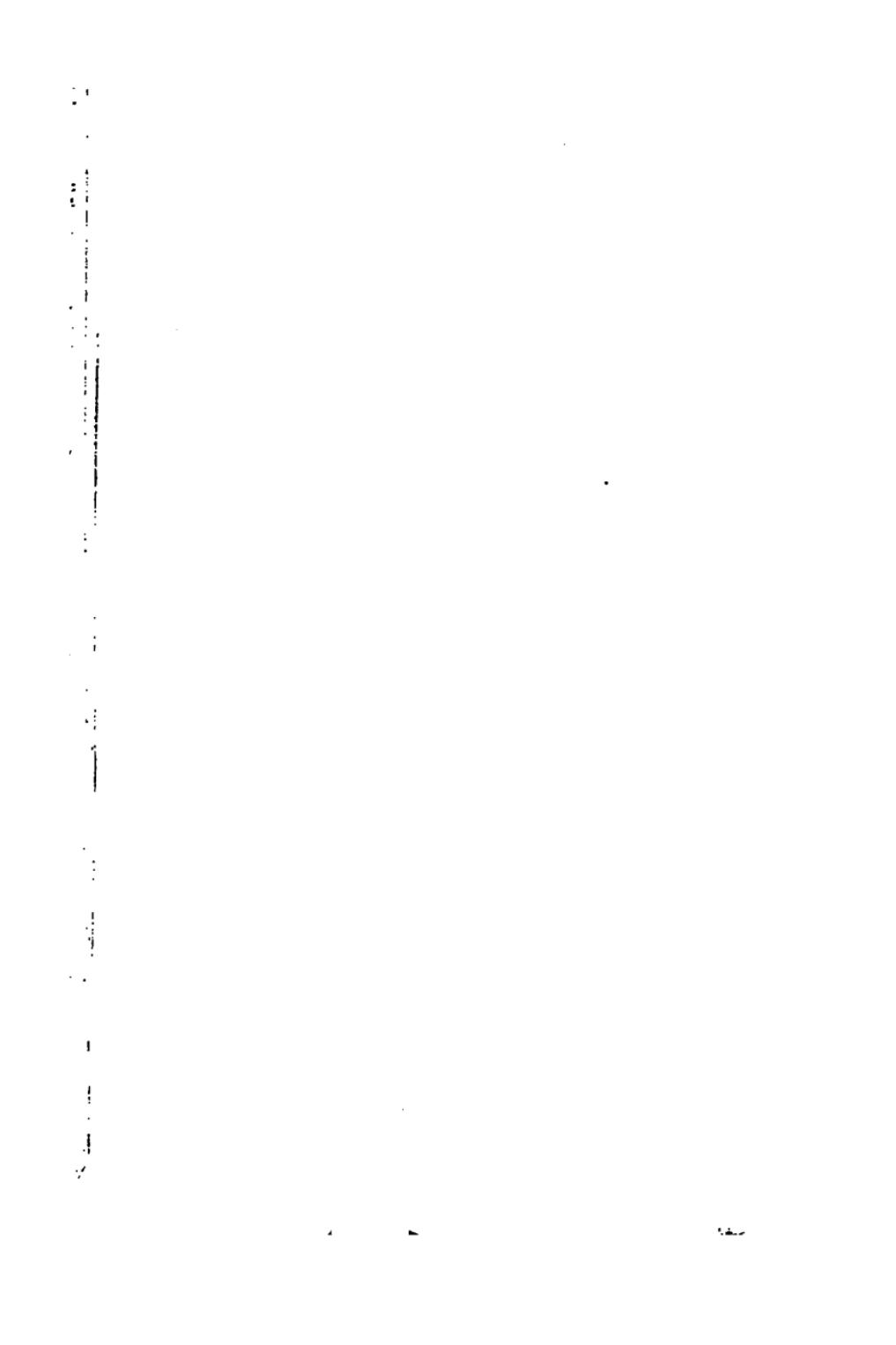
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